

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.* By ALAN STEVENSON, Engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board. Edinburgh and London. 4to. 1848.
2. *An Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.* By ROBERT STEVENSON, Civil Engineer. Edinburgh. 4to. 1824.
3. *Narrative of the Building and Description of the Construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse with stone.* By JOHN SMEATON. Civil Engineer, F. R. S. Second Edition. Folio. 1813.

THERE is pleasure in the pursuit, and pride in the discovery, in any fragment of the literature of Greece or Rome. There is joy in the Vatican over the discovery of a Palimpsest. Such feelings are legitimate, and we should be sorry to disclaim them for ourselves, ashamed to depreciate them as entertained by more devoted slaves of the lamp. We confess, however, that our own sympathies with such are tempered by the conviction that, so far at least as works of fancy and imagination, of poetry and eloquence, are concerned, the best productions of the best authors are already in our possession. In these departments we might hail additions with a sober joy, but we have no intense craving for any large accession to the creditable stock which has survived the sentence of Omar, and escaped the baths and wash-houses of Alexandria. It may be—for is it not written in Niebuhr—that Virgil made a mistake when he attempted hexameters, that his true vocation was lyrics, and that he should have studied to emulate Pindar rather than Homer; we are, however, content with such mistakes as the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*. If, indeed, we were privileged to select for resuscitation from the list of works no longer extant, but of which the authors and subjects are known, any one production, we suspect that our choice would rest upon the narrative of the construction of the Parthenon by its architect Ictinus. Much of interest would assuredly attach to the record of a process every step of which was evidently founded on deep thought, and directed by high intention, till that result was attained which neither decay nor mutilation has deprived of its matchless grace, and which common consent has pronounced to be the nearest approach to perfection accomplished by human artificer.

Apart from the charm which attaches to classical associations and to remote antiquity, something of kindred interest belongs to the narratives now before us. It is indeed among the noblest functions of genius to devise forms of beauty and sublimity for the structures destined for the performance of man's homage to his Maker. Within those limits which, fortunately for the purification of that

homage, were exceeded by Leo, it has been a wise devotion of wealth which has enabled that genius to embody its bright visions in enduring and costly materials. Next, however, to the great testimonials which men like Ictinus and Buonarrotti have reared to the consciousness of our spiritual nature and immortal destinies, we can imagine no triumph of constructive skill more signal, no labors more catholic in their purpose, and more deserving in their success of human gratitude and applause, than those recorded in the trilogy of works enumerated in our title—the labors of Smeaton and the two Stevensons, father and son, men of whom Father Ocean, could he exchange for articulate language the *αντιθετον γελασμα* of his summer calm, or the sterner accents of his equinoctial mood, might say:

Great I must call them, for they conquered me.

There is a passage in Byron, often selected for quotation, in which, towards the close of his greatest poem, he brings the power and immensity of the sea into contrast with the weakness and littleness of man. The charm of verse has, in our opinion, seldom been more abused than in this splenetic pæan to the brute strength of winds and waves, leaving, as it does, unnoticed, the great fact of their habitual submission to the moral and intellectual powers of man. To make the pervading sentiment of these famous stanzas as sound as their cadence is sonorous, shipwreck should be the rule, and safe passage the exception. Among the greatest assertors of that qualified supremacy which Providence has delegated to the human race over the destructive agencies of the billow and the storm, the architects of such buildings as the Eddystone and the Bell-Rock lighthouses are preëminent; and the story of their construction is well worthy the minute detail and costly illustration with which it has been recorded.

We cannot be surprised at the cordial satisfaction with which the narrators have evidently discharged a task of justice, not to themselves alone, but to many brave and skilful coadjutors and subordinates. It must be remembered that in all these cases the presiding genius had to struggle not only with difficulties which would have foiled the skill, but with toils and dangers which would have cowed the spirit and exhausted the endurance of ordinary mortals. Bloody battles have been won, and campaigns conducted to a successful issue, with less of personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the commander-in-chief, than for considerable portions of successive years was hourly encountered by each of these civilians. They could not and did not sit apart from the field of action, and send their staff with orders into the fire. They were the first to

spring on the lonely rock, and the last to leave it, They had to test the solidity of their own contrivances in their own persons, to take up their quarters in the temporary barrack, and to infuse by example their own high courage into the breasts of humble workmen unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene. It will be found that if these edifices were not, like the pyramids of the Pharaohs or the canals of Mehemet Ali, completed at a cost of human life, that immunity was obtained, under Providence, by the constant presence, the cool and judicious directions, and the prompt resources of the architect. Like Desdemona, we listen to the tale, and admire the narrator for the perils he has passed, as well as for the benefits he has conferred. What these benefits are, those best can tell who have neared their country's coast in a season of starless nights and wintry gales—who have had experience of the navigator's struggle between hope deferred and the fear of unknown danger and sudden wreck. These know the joy and confidence infused into every bosom by the first gleam of that light which, either by its steady lustre, its color, or its periodical occultation, identifies the promontory or the reef. In that moment, when the yards are braced, and the good ship put upon her course, which she can thenceforward pursue with confidence towards the Sound, the Forth, the Mersey, or the Clyde, the merits of the Smeatons and the Stevensons will best be felt, their eulogy may best be spoken.

Our especial business being with the last in date of the three constructions above enumerated, we have cited the two former chiefly for the sake of occasional reference and comparison. In position, the tract of foul ground infamous under the name of the Skerryvore Reef offers in many particulars a pretty exact counterpart to the famous Incheape or Bell Rock. Placed in the same parallel of latitude, it presented the same obstacles in kind and degree to the navigation of the west coast of Scotland, as the Bell and Carr Rocks opposed to that of the east. While the access to the Forth and the security of the northern coasting-trade were mainly effected by the one, the great issue to the Atlantic from the Irish Channel and the Clyde was endangered by the other. It would require deep study of a wilderness of blue books to pronounce what annual amount of tonnage was affected in either case, so as to strike the exact balance of anxiety and inconvenience. The statistics of actual loss, previous to the erection of the works in question, would perhaps be even more difficult to collect with precision. The list of ascertained wrecks is a long one in either case, but the fishers of Tyree took little note of the comminuted fragments which reached their coast, and many a good ship has left no traces for recognition after a few minutes' collision with the gneiss of Skerryvore. Situated considerably further from the mainland than the Bell Rock, it is less entirely submerged, some of its summits rising above the level of high water, but the extent of foul ground is much greater, and hidden dangers even

in fine weather beset the intervening passage between its eastern extremity and Tyree, from which island it is distant some 11 miles. In rough weather the sea which rises there is described as one in which no ship could live. This terrible relic of a volcanic æra had long attracted the attention of the Northern Commissioners, under whose direction the Bell Rock and other Lighthouses had been constructed, and so long ago as 1814 an act was obtained for a light on Skerryvore, in which year Mr. Robert Stevenson landed on the rock, in company with several members of the commission, and Sir W. Scott, who has noted the visit in his diary. The difficulty of the undertaking appears however to have deterred the commissioners from any active proceeding till the autumn of 1834, when Mr. Alan Stevenson received directions to commence a preliminary survey, which he was only able to complete in 1835. That difficulty was not confined to the position and character of the reef itself. The distance from land, strictly speaking, was some three miles less than in the case of the Bell Rock, but the barren and over-peopled island of Tyree afforded neither the resources of the eastern mainland, nor a harbor like Arbroath. It was necessary to construct, at the nearest favorable station in Tyree, a pier and harbor, and the buildings for workmen and stores of all descriptions—all materials for which, except the one article of stone, and after a little, stone too, were to be transferred from distant quarters. The gneiss quarries of the island did, in the first instance, supply a stock of stone fit both for rubble and masonry; and the liberality of the proprietor, the late Duke of Argyll, who took from the first the interest which became him in the proceedings, gave every facility to the architect. This supply, however, soon failed.

The younger Stevenson's narrative bears, as might be expected, continually recurring testimony to the advantage he enjoyed in the instruction afforded by the example of his father's operations, who in many respects was under similar obligations to Smeaton. In neither case, however, was the imitation servile, nor did either fail to adopt such changes in design and contrivance as were indicated by the variations, slight in the main, between the local peculiarities of the respective sites. These changes are ably detailed and justified by Mr. A. Stevenson in a preliminary chapter.

The earliest, and about the most anxious, of the many questions which present themselves to the engineer intrusted with such a work are those of height and mass. In Smeaton's time, when the best light in use was that of common candles, elevation beyond a certain height could do no good. The application of the mirror or the lens to oil enables us now to illuminate the visible horizon of any tower which, in Mr. A. Stevenson's words, "human art can hope to construct." The question of mass is affected by other considerations, and principally by the greater or less facility of communication with the shore—which

must govern the question of space for stowage of supplies. The extent of the Skerryvore reef, some three miles to seaward of the spot available for the base of the edifice, indicated the expediency of a greater elevation than had been attained in the case of the Bell Rock, which is little more than 100 yards in its extent. It was determined that the light should be elevated about 150 feet above high water, so as to command a visible horizon of 18 miles' radius; and it appeared that for interior accommodation a void space of about 13,000 cubic feet would be required.

These elements settled, the question of general proportions came next. This was partly dependent on the preference to be given to one or the other of the two principles, by applying which the solidity of a compacted and unelastic mass can be obtained—the principle of vertical pressure, in which the power of gravity supplies the strength required—or that of artificial tenacity, involving the more elaborate and costly contrivances of dovetailing, joggling, &c. It appears clear that, in the construction of buildings in which resistance to a recurrent action of disturbing forces is a main object, the principle of vertical pressure is to be preferred. The power of a given weight to resist a given force is calculable and constant—the strength which results from the artificial connection of component parts is less enduring, and cannot even at first be so accurately estimated. These considerations had influenced the commissioners in their rejection of a plan for an iron pillar, and they governed Mr. A. Stevenson in the design which he was called upon to execute for an edifice of masonry, and justified him for some departure from that of either Smeaton or his father.

There can be little doubt (he says) that the more nearly we approach the perpendicular, the more fully do the stones at the base receive the pressure of the superincumbent mass as a means of retaining them in their places, and the more perfectly does this pressure act as a bond of union among the parts of the tower. This consideration naturally weighed with me in making a more near approach to the conic frustum, which, next to the perpendicular wall, must, other circumstances being equal, press the mass below with a greater weight, and in a more advantageous manner, than a curved outline, in which the stones at the base are necessarily further removed from the line of vertical pressure of the mass at top. This vertical pressure operates in preventing any stone being withdrawn from the wall in a manner which, to my mind, is much more satisfactory than an excessive refinement in dovetailing and joggling, which I consider as chiefly useful in the early stages of the progress of a work when it is exposed to storms, and before the superstructure is raised to such an height as to prevent seas from breaking right over it.—p. 64.

Of the three works the principle of vertical pressure has been most consulted in the case of Skerryvore, and least in that of the Bell Rock. In the Eddystone, indeed, as well as in the Bell Rock, Mr. A. Stevenson is of opinion that the thickness of the walls towards the top has been

reduced to the lowest limit compatible with safety. Proportions were therefore adopted for the tower at Skerryvore which, involving a less projection of the base as compared with the summit, afforded a nearer approximation to the form of greatest solidity, the conic frustum. It does not, however, follow that the curve resulting from the proportion taken at Skerryvore could have been advantageously substituted at the Bell Rock for the curve there adopted. The latter is covered to the height of fifteen feet at spring tides. For two winters the lower part of the tower was exposed not merely to wind and spray, but to the direct action of the sea, without the advantage of any superincumbent weight. During this period the architect had to rely on the compactness, not on the weight, of his structure, and it became necessary to give the portion thus periodically submerged the sloping form least likely to disturb the passage of the waves.

On the interesting question of the best shape for such buildings, Mr. A. Stevenson thus sums up a singularly clear explanation of his views:—

In a word, the sum of our knowledge appears to be contained in this proposition—that, as the stability of a sea-tower depends, *ceteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone, but that, as the forces to which its several horizontal sections are opposed decrease towards its top in a rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve-line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it.—p. 56.

This is nothing more nor less than the conclusion which Smeaton reduced to practice in the case of the Eddystone, and, for aught we are aware, for the first time.* The process of reasoning, however, by which Alan Stevenson arrived at his results is far different from that by which Smeaton describes himself to have been influenced. He thinks that Smeaton's famous analogy of the oak, which has been often quoted and extolled for its felicity, is unsound, and was only employed by him for the purpose of satisfying readers incapable of understanding the profounder process by which he had really arrived at the truth:—

There is no analogy (says the modern architect) between the case of the tree and that of the lighthouse—the tree being assaulted at the top, the lighthouse at the base; and although Smeaton goes on to suppose the branches to be cut off, and water to wash round the base of the oak, it is to be feared that the analogy is not thereby strengthened; as the materials composing the tree and the tower are so different, that it is impossible to imagine that the same opposing forces can be resisted by similar properties in both. * * It is very singular that throughout his reasonings on this subject he does not appear to have regarded those properties of the tree which he has most fully characterized as its elasticity and the coherence of its parts.—*Ibid.*

* The only great work we know of, antecedent to Smeaton's Eddystone, and resembling it in situation and exposure, is the Tour de Cordouan, in which the conical principle is not adopted. Mr. Rudyard's tower on the Eddystone was a rectilinear frustum of a cone—a form suitable to his principal material, which was wood.

A choice remained to be made between at least four different curves, which would each comply with the conditions specified in Mr. Stevenson's conclusion—the logarithmic, the parabola, the conchoid, and the hyperbola. The logarithmic, though not unfavorable to the condition of vertical pressure, was dismissed as clumsy; the parabola displeased the eye from its too rapid change near the base; the similarity between the conchoid and the hyperbola left little to choose between them, but the latter obtained the preference. The shaft of the Skerryvore pillar, accordingly, is a solid generated by the revolution of a rectangular hyperbola about its asymptote as a vertical axis. Its exact height is 120·25 feet; its diameter at the base 42 feet, and at the top 16 feet. (p. 61.) The first 26 feet from the base are solid, and this portion weighs near 2000 tons. The walls, as they spring from the solid, are nine feet thick, and gradually diminish to two. Mr. A. Stevenson considered himself safe in dispensing generally with the system of dovetailing, which had been adopted throughout the building in the two preceding instances. By an improved construction of the floors of the chambers he also supplied the place of the metal chains which Smeaton had used to restrain any disposition to outward thrust in the circle of masonry, and the copper rings by which the cornice of the Bell Rock building is strengthened. The above are some of the principal features of the differences suggested by study and experience between the three works. We must refer our readers to p. 63 for a diagram which makes them sensible to the eye. The following table, however, may be sufficient:—

	Height of Tower above first centre.	Contents.	Diameter.		Distance of Centre of Gravity from Base.	Height of Centre of Gravity.
			Base.	Top.		
Eddystone	68	13,343	26	15	15·92	4·27
Bell Rock	100	25,530	42	15	23·59	4·29
Skerryvore	138·5	58,580	42	16	34·95	3·96

The last column shows the ratio which the height of the centre of gravity above the base bears to the height of the tower.

Those who have perused the "Diary" of Mr. R. Stevenson's voyages to and fro, and long residences in anchored vessels at the Bell Rock, will anticipate that much of the difficulty with which the father had to contend was obviated in the case of the son by the application of steam-power to navigation. The first year's operations at Skerryvore were, however, not assisted by this new auxiliary. A steamer was advertised for, but the river and harbor craft offered for sale were quite unfit to encounter the seas of Tyree, and it was found necessary to build a vessel for such rough service, of 150 tons, with two engines of 30-horse power each. Mr. Stevenson found, as he conceives, compensation for the delay in the accurate knowledge of the reef and surrounding waters which constant trips in the *Pharos* sailing-vessel of 36 tons procured for him.

One peculiarity of the Skerryvore, in which it

differs from the Bell Rock, was found from first to last to occasion much inconvenience. The sandstone of the Bell Rock is worn into rugged inequalities. The action of the sea on the igneous formation of Skerryvore has given it the appearance and the smoothness of a mass of dark-colored glass, which made the foreman of the masons compare the operation of landing on it to that of climbing up the neck of a bottle. When we consider how often, by how many persons, and under what circumstances of swell and motion this operation was repeated, we must look upon this feature of the spot as an obstacle of no slight amount.

The 7th of August, 1838, is noted as the first day of entire work on the rock. It consisted in preparations for the temporary barrack, which in this case, as in that of the Bell Rock, was considered a necessary preliminary, and was in most respects a copy of its predecessor. Little more than the pyramidal pedestal of beams for this building could be accomplished before the 11th of September—the last day of work for that season—and this commencement was swept away in the night of the 12th of November:—a calamity which mortified those whom it could not daunt nor discourage, and which only led to various improved devices for reconstruction. The quarries meanwhile had been busy in Tyree, but the experience obtained during this winter, 1838 and 1839, of the gneiss-rock of that island led Mr. Stevenson to resort for further supply to the granite-quarries of Mull. In specific gravity the gneiss has a trifling advantage, but it is less fissile and far more uncertain in quality. Of the quantity hitherto obtained in Tyree not more than one tenth was found fit to be dressed as blocks for the tower.

The next important operation was that of excavating the foundation. This occupied the whole of the working season of 1839, from the 6th of May to the 3rd of September. The gneiss held out stoutly against iron and gunpowder, and Mr. Stevenson calculates the labor at four times that which granite would have required. In the case of the Eddystone, Smeaton was compelled to follow the shape of the rock, and to adapt his lower courses of masonry to a sort of staircase of successive terraces carefully shaped for the adjustment. The formation of Skerryvore enabled Mr. Stevenson to avoid this delicate and expensive process, and to mark out a foundation-pit of 42 feet diameter, the largest he could obtain at one level throughout. This basin, however, required for its excavation the labor of 20 men for 217 days, the firing of 296 shots, and the removal into deep water of 2000 tons of material. The blasting, from the absence of all cover, and the impossibility of retiring to a distance further in any case than 30 feet, and often reduced to 12, demanded all possible carefulness. The only precautions available were a skilful apportionment of the charge and the covering the mines with mats and coarse netting made of old rope. Every charge was fired by or with the assistance of the architect in person, and no mischief occurred. The operations of 1840 in-

cluded the reconstruction of the barrack, in which, though rather more pervious to wind and spray than what Mr. Robins in his boldest mood would have ventured to designate a "desirable marine villa," the architect and his party were content to take up their quarters on the 14th of May. "Here," says the gallant chief,

during the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, &c. On one occasion also we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer, and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which was at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most desponding anticipations: and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed on my mind, on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and the tremor, sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. p. 152.

This spell of bad weather, though in summer, well nigh outlasted their provisions; and when at length they were able to make the signal that a landing would be practicable, scarcely twenty-four hours' stock remained on the rock.

As yet nothing of weight but iron and timber had been landed. The first trial of the landing of heavy stones from the lighters, on the 20th of June was a nervous one. It succeeded, but difficulty and hazard in this operation were of constant recurrence; and, as the loss of one dressed stone would frequently have delayed the whole progress of the building, the anxiety was incessant. Eight hundred tons of dressed stone were, however, deposited on the rock this season without damage. On the 7th of July the ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Duke of Argyll, attended by a party of relations, including the Duchess and Lady Emma Campbell, and many friends.

The summer of 1840 was a stormy one, and it required some habit to contemplate calmly, even from the height of thirty feet, the approach of the Atlantic wave. The exhibition of its power was more formidable during that period of ground swell which follows a protracted gale than amidst the violence of the actual storm. Cool and careful observation led Mr. Stevenson to conclude that the height of an unbroken wave in these seas does not exceed fifteen feet from the hollow to the crest; but this was magnified to thirty or forty in the estimation of less scientific watchers—some of whom could scarcely familiarize themselves even by repeated experiences of safety to the illusive appearance of imminent destruction. The greatest trial of such a residence was doubtless the occasional inaction resulting from the violence of the

weather, which sometimes made it impossible to land a sufficient supply of materials on the rock, and at other times made it impossible to use them. At such intervals the architect's anxiety was great for the safety of the stones deposited on the rock, but which they had as yet been unable to move beyond the reach of the surf. The loss or fracture of any one of these would have occasioned much delay. The discomfort of wet clothes, and scanty accommodation for drying them, after exposure to sleet and spray, was severe. And yet the grandeur and variety of the surrounding scene, combined with the deep interest of the work in hand, were sufficient not only to compensate for the tedium of occasional inaction, but, in the words of the narrator, "to reconcile him to, nay, to make him actually enjoy, an uninterrupted residence on one occasion of not less than five weeks on that desert rock."

In addition to the magnificent phenomena of inorganic nature, an object of interest was afforded by the gambols of the seal, which is said by report of the neighboring islanders to attain a remarkable size in the neighborhood of the reef. There is something to our apprehension very human in the seal. The voice, the expression of the eye, its known affection for musical sounds, and its docility, and even attachment to individuals, when caught young, give it claims to better treatment than it usually receives from man. The greatest living authority in matters of zoology has conjectured that the strange animal seen from the *Dædalus* frigate was a seal of the largest (sea-lion) species; that it had probably been drifted into warm latitudes on an iceberg which had melted away, and swimming, poor brute, for life, had neared the strange object, the ship, with some faint original hope of shelter and rest for the sole of its slipper. If Captain M'Quhae could admit a theory which attributes to him and to his officers so large an amount of ocular deception, we are sure he would share our regret at his inability to accommodate so interesting a stranger. The seals of Skerryvore made no such demand on Mr. Stevenson's hospitality. They enjoyed the surf which menaced him with destruction, and revelled in the luxuries of a capital fishing station—

They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Perhaps, like the Ancient Mariner, he "blessed them unaware;" but thus he writes of them:—

Among the many wonders of the "great deep" which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half a dozen of these animals around the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of the curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and, diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low

cry, as we supposed of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.—P. 157.

In July, 1841, as the masonry rose to a height which made the stationary crane difficult and even unsafe to work, that beautiful machine, invented for the Bell Rock, and which rises with the building it helps to raise, the balance crane, was brought into requisition with all the efficiency and success described in the narrative of the elder Stevenson. With such aid the mass of masonry built up during this working season amounted to 30,300 cubic feet—more than double that of the Eddystone, and somewhat more than that of the Bell Rock tower. Such was the accuracy observed in the previous dressing of the stones in the work-yards on shore and in their collocation by the builders, that the gauged diameter of each course did not vary from the calculated and intended dimension one sixteenth of an inch, while the height exceeded that specified by only half an inch. Mr. A. Stevenson only does justice to his father in stating that much of the comparative rapidity of his own work was due to the steam attendance at his command. No death from accident or injury occurred during the entire progress of the work—but the loss of Mr. Heddle, commander of the steamer, who died of consumption in the course of the winter, was probably due to exertion and exposure in that service. On the 21st of July the last stones for the tower were landed under a salute from the steamer. On the 10th of August the lantern was landed. It was, however, impossible to do more this season than to raise and fix it, and cover it with a temporary protection from the weather and the dirt of sea-fowl for the winter.

The summer of 1843 was occupied in repointing the joints of the building—a tedious operation conducted from suspended scaffolds—and in fitting the interior. It was not till the 1st of February, 1844, that the light was first exhibited to mariners. For reasons most ably and minutely detailed in a concluding chapter, the apparatus adopted was identical in its general arrangements with that—in the main dioptric, but combining some of the advantages of the catoptric system of illumination—which had been applied for some years before to the Tour de Cordouan. The light is revolving, appearing in its brightest state once in every minute. Elevated 150 feet above the sea, it is well seen as far as the curvature of the earth permits, and even at more than twice the distance at which the curvature would interfere were the eye of the observer on a level with the sea; for it is seen as a strong light from the high land of the Isle of Barra, thirty-eight miles distant.

In a chapter which Mr. Stevenson devotes to the general history of lighthouses, he has collected the few and meagre notices which remain to us of those constructed by the nations of antiquity. We can hardly doubt that some must have existed of which no record has been pre-

served. The torch in Hero's tower, and the telegraphic fire-signals so magnificently described in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, could hardly have failed in times anterior to the Pharos of Ptolemy to have suggested the use of continuous lights for the guidance of the mariner. In later periods, when the coasts of France and Britain were more frequented by the predatory northman than by the peaceful merchant, and when the harvest of shipwreck was considered more profitable than the gains of commercial intercourse, it probably often appeared to the inhabitants of the seaboard more their interest to increase than to diminish its dangers. It is related of one of the Breton Counts, St. Leon, that, when a jewel was offered to him for purchase, he led the dealer to a window of his castle, and, showing him a rock in the tideway, assured him that black stone was more valuable than all the jewels in his casket. The only modern work of consequence anterior to the Eddystone, cited by Mr. Stevenson, is the Tour de Cordouan, situated in the mouth of the Gironde some two leagues from Bordeaux, which in respect of altitude and architectural grandeur and embellishment remains, as Mr. Stevenson says, the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. Whether that embellishment be as well suited to the subject-matter as the severer grandeur of the curvilinear towers of Smeaton and the Stevensons, may be questioned. Commenced by Louis de Foix, A. D. 1584, in the reign of Henry II., and finished in 1610 under Henry IV., it exhibits that national taste for magnificence in construction which attained its meridian under Louis XIV. The tower does not receive the shock of the waves, being protected at the base by a wall of circumvallation, which contains also casemated apartments for the attendants. Hence a construction in successive stages and angular in the interior, consequently less adapted for solidity, but more susceptible of decoration, than the conical, has for two centuries stood uninjured. In this, as in our own lighthouses, the inventions of science have been gradually substituted for the rude original chaffoir, or brazier of coal and wood, such as within memory was in use in the Isle of May. In the latter case it is supposed to have led to the destruction of two frigates, which mistook for it some kilns on the coast, and ran ashore on the same night near Dunbar. The Tour de Cordouan has, in our times, been made illustrious by the first application of the dioptric contrivances of Fresnel, which Alan Stevenson has borrowed, not without ample acknowledgment, nor without some improvements, for the service of his own country.

Mr. Stevenson, while treading in the footsteps of Smeaton and his father as historians of their great works, has largely availed himself of the progress which has taken place in the art of engraving. It is amusing in Smeaton's folio to observe the costume of days when the rough business of life was transacted under wigs and in shorts and shoebuckles; but the lapse of time is no less apparent in the delicacy and beauty of the

modern illustrations. On no part of his work has Mr. Stevenson been more lavish of this useful and instructive adjunct to a pregnant text than in the treatise which he devotes to the curious subject of the illumination of lighthouses. No such assistance, indeed, can bring a disquisition so profound and such an array of mathematical science within the grasp of the unlearned. It needs, however, but an uninstructed glance at these pages to show that when the engineer rests from his architectural labors he has further difficulties to encounter and problems to solve, which require an extraordinary combination of theoretical science and practical skill. The Promethean task remains to which the construction of the corporeal frame is but subsidiary. It may at first appear a simple matter to accumulate within a limited space instruments and materials of luminous combustion, and to trust to the unassisted laws of radiation for the diffusion of the light produced. The result, however, of this process would be to direct an immense proportion of the rays in sheer waste towards the zenith or the centre of the earth. It becomes the business of the engineer, no longer an architect but an optician, to control the rays and to direct their divergence on the system best suited to the local conditions of the edifice, to adapt the range of visibility to the circumstances of the navigation, and to give a specific character to the flame which shall enable the mariner, without hesitation or mistake, to distinguish it from others. It is laid down by Mr. A. Stevenson that two lights similar enough to be confounded should be placed on the same line of coast nearer than one hundred miles to each other.

The various inventions which have been, with a view to these various objects, substituted for the candles of Smeaton and the brazier of the Isle of May are of recent date. Many of them were, as is usual, preceded by those vague suggestions which often put in a claim for original invention, but scarcely diminish the honor of successful accomplishment. Among the names of those who have contributed most effectually to the present efficiency of the system of marine illumination, Argand, Borda, and Fresnel are conspicuous. The hollow cylindrical wick of the first was a sudden and immense advance in the art of economical and effective illumination. The second applied the parabolic mirror to the light of Cordouan—an invention which has multiplied the effect of the unassisted flame in the case of a fixed light by 350, in that of a revolving light by 450. For the merits of that great master of the more complicated system of the refracting lens, termed the dioptric, Fresnel, we must refer our readers to Mr. Stevenson's pages and their elaborate engraved illustrations. It may, however, for the benefit of that portion of our readers whose comprehension of optical contrivances cannot be assisted by the use of Greek terminology, be permitted to us to state here in few words some of the leading and distinctive features of these two systems of illumination. In the catoptric, a cer-

tain number of Argand lamps are disposed on a frame-work, each in front of a metallic reflector, which latter is always moulded to a parabolic curve. Both in this and the dioptric system the first great division adopted for the important purpose of distinction and identification is into fixed and revolving lights. The catoptric system, by the aid of various contrivances, has been made susceptible in practice of nine conspicuous and unmistakable varieties; for which differences of color, periodical gradations of splendor, and absolute temporary occultation are the means employed. The relative arrangement of the lamps with their reflectors to each other differs according as the light is fixed or revolving. In the fixed light the lamps and reflectors are disposed on a circular frame with the axes of the latter inclined to each other at such an angle as shall enable them to illuminate as completely as possible every quarter of the horizon. The revolving light is produced by the revolution on a central shaft of a frame with three or four sides, on each of which the reflectors are disposed with their axes parallel. One variety, indeed, the flashing light, is produced by a somewhat different arrangement, involving an inclination of the axis of each reflector to the perpendicular. In the dioptric system a powerful burner is placed in the centre of a frame, usually octagonal, fitted with a refracting lens to each of the sides.

Contrivances of great ingenuity and complexity have been superadded by Messrs. Fresnel and Stevenson both for reflection and refraction of much of the light, which, without their aid, would be wasted in an upward or downward direction, entitling the whole apparatus, combining, as it then does, the qualities of the two systems, to the designation of catadioptric. We are sorry to confess that, in spite of the removal of those vexatious excise regulations which so long paralyzed the glass manufacture of England, we are still dependent on France for the glass used in the construction of our dioptric lights. Mr. Stevenson has entered fully into the subject of the comparative merits of the two systems. For lights of the first order in range and importance, specified by him—as those which are first made on over-sea voyages—and which embrace within their action a large portion of the horizon—it seems clear that the dioptric system is to be preferred. In respect of intensity, equable diffusion of light in the direction required, and economy of oil, it has decidedly the advantage—in the latter particular in the proportion of three and a half to one. The consequence, however, of extinction from accident is, as Mr. Stevenson terms it, infinitely great in the case of the one central burner of the dioptric system as compared with that of the numerous lamps of the catoptric. There are also cases, such as those of fixed lights in narrow seas, where it is only needful to illuminate a limited segment of the horizon, in which he prefers the reflected light. He condemns the employment of colored media on the score of absorption, and

considers it only admissible in the case of a line of coast crowded with lighthouses in which the other and better processes of revolution and temporary occultation have been exhausted. In such the red glass may be used, but blue and green, from their greater absorption, are not entitled to promotion from the shop of the apothecary.

The critical position and permanent requirements of the lighthouse make it improbable that the oil-lamp will soon be supplanted on the seagirt tower either by gas or by any of those still more recondite devices which are almost daily engendered by the advancing chemical science of the age. Gas, indeed, has sometimes been applied to marine-lights on the mainland. For the dioptric-light, where there is one large central flame, it possesses, at least, two decided advantages—the form of the luminous cone is less variable, and the inconvenience of mechanism in the lamp is avoided. These advantages are, however, more than compensated in all positions to which access is difficult and precarious, by the difficulties of the manufacture of the gas and transport and storing of fuel; perhaps in all cases by the risk, however reduced by modern inventions, of explosion. For the catoptric revolving-light it is obviously unsuited.

To the Drummond and Voltaic lights there are other objections than those which adhere to any process involving delicacy of adjustment and manipulation. A full exposition of those objections would require some of that mathematical disquisition and graphic illustration which Mr. Stevenson has lavished in his pages for the use of the learned. It is sufficient here to explain that, to fulfil the purpose of a marine light, whether fixed or revolving, some degrees of divergence are essential—that to produce this divergence, and to control and direct it either by the mirror or the lens, a body of flame, as distinguished from a luminous point, is equally necessary. Such operators as the Fresnels and Stevensons leave nothing to chance—to any chance, at least, but that of fog or violent accident. That effect, whether of slowly-increasing and waning splendor, or of fixed radiance, which at the distance of twenty miles cheers the spirit and directs the judgment of the mariner, is previously calculated and rigorously governed by so small a quantity as the measured diameter of the cylindrical wick placed in front of the mirror or behind the lens. If this diameter, as in the case of the Drummond and Voltaic processes, be reduced to a luminous point, of however concentrated and increased intensity, practical utility is annihilated. An experiment was made by Mr. Gurney in 1835 for adding power to the flame of oil without reducing its dimensions by a combination with oxygen, but the plan was rejected by the Trinity House.

Such, however, is the intensity of the light produced by some of these processes, that we cannot despair of their ultimate application to purposes and situations which afford a safer field for ingenuity, where accident is of less consequence

and economy may be fairly consulted. Our children, perhaps we ourselves, who remember the old lamps and older watchmen of London, may live to read gas-shares at a discount, and to see the nocturnal duty of the policeman simplified by the radiance of artificial suns which shall fill whole regions of streets and alleys with light from one central source.

Apart from such extended speculations, we consider it not unlikely that the experiments pursued and the processes adopted for marine illumination may suggest minor improvements which, though of less importance, may conduce to public and private convenience. The house of lords, club-rooms, and other large enclosed spaces, have been assisted by Mr. Faraday and others by various methods to get rid of unhealthy gases and superfluous caloric. The great saloon of Lansdowne House has, if we mistake not, long been partially lighted on festive occasions from without; and Lord Brougham, we hear, has lately availed himself of a similar resource in the old hall of his seat in Westmoreland, without at all disturbing—on the contrary, aiding and enhancing—its impressive character. We are not aware that any attempt has yet been made towards the effective illumination of a large room without any interior combustion. We understand, however, that Mr. Barry has such an attempt in contemplation for the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, and this by the aid of the parabolic reflector of the Cordouan and the Bell Rock. Guttering-candles and broiling-lamps are behind the age we live in, and we have every reason to wish Mr. Barry success.

We cannot attempt the delicate task of a biography of living worthies. The peculiar line in which the two Messrs. Stevenson have attained eminence sufficiently distinguishes them from that family of English engineers who have made illustrious a name so nearly similar, that confusion between them and their respective achievements might otherwise possibly arise. It is a satisfaction to us, however, to relate, that the architect of the Bell Rock, having retired from the office of engineer to the Northern Lights, is still enjoying an honorable repose in Edinburgh, and that his son and successor in office is at present superintending the building of five lighthouses in Scotland.

For the last century England has been a great school for the practical application of mechanical science. It is somewhat curious to compare the present condition of her intellectual resources in this department with those of the earlier attempts to light the Eddystone—the proceedings and results of solid instruction with the desultory efforts of amateur ingenuity. A country gentleman and a silkmonger were the predecessors of Smeaton at the Eddystone. The first, Mr. Winstanley, had distinguished himself by a talent for practical mechanical jokes, which must have made his country house in Essex an agreeable and exciting residence for an uninitiated guest. You placed your foot in a slipper in your bed-room, and a ghost started up

from the hearth; you sat down in an easy chair, and were made prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbor, and were set afloat upon the canal. That the more serious device of such a brain should have been fantastic and unsound is less surprising than that it should have endured the weather of the channel for some three seasons. Mr. Winstanley commenced his operations on the Eddystone in 1696, a period when the doctrine was scarcely obsolete that storms might be raised by the malignity of elderly females. If storms could be provoked by the excesses of human complacency and presumption, Mr. Winstanley was quite the man to raise them. Having completed a structure deficient in every element of stability, he was known to express a wish that the fiercest storm that ever blew might arise to test the fabric. He was truly the engineer of Mr. Sheridan Knowles' pleasant lines—

Who lays the top-stone of his sea-girt tower,
And, smiling at it, bids the winds and waves
To roar and whistle *now*—but in a night
Beholds the ocean sporting in its place.

Short time indeed had poor Mr. Winstanley to "stand aghast;"—for, alas! the undaunted gentleman was engaged in a visit of inspection when the storm he had challenged occurred, and its fury left no trace of the lighthouse, its attendants, or its architect.

Mr. Rudyerd, who next undertook the task, was certainly a man of genius. It is possible that England at this time contained no man more competent for the undertaking than the silk-mercator of Ludgate-hill, the son of a Cornish vagrant, who had raised himself from rags and mendicancy, by his talents and industry, to a station of honorable competence. He designed, and with the assistance of two shipwrights constructed, an edifice mainly of timber, courses of stone being introduced solely to obtain the advantage of that principle of vertical pressure of which we have already spoken. In this respect it did present some of that analogy to the oak-tree which the artist of Skerryvore impugns in the case to which Smeaton applied the illustration. It might be said to resemble a tree with iron roots, for the balks of timber which formed the base were bolted to the rock, so as to resist lift or lateral displacement, by iron branches, so called, spreading outward at the nether extremity, on the principle of that ancient and well-known instrument, the Lewis. Mr. Rudyerd did not indeed invent that heavy and very ingenious contrivance with which heavy stones have for ages past been raised by the crane, but he, as we believe, in the case of the Eddystone, first applied it to the fixture of bolts and stanchions—an application which is extolled by Smeaton as a felicitous and material accession to the practical part of engineering. It was largely adopted by Mr. R. Stevenson in his operations on the Bell Rock, especially in that difficult and anxious one, the construction of the temporary barrack. In the case of Skerryvore, the hardness of the rock made the process slow and unsuitable, and led Mr. A. Stevenson to adopt other contriv-

ances. The worm had commenced ravages on Mr. Rudyerd's wooden structure, which, though capable of timely repair, would have led to considerable toil and expense had a longer duration been permitted to the edifice. It had presented, however, no symptoms of serious instability or irremediable decay, when, in 1755, it met with a fate from which its situation might have appeared to be its security—destruction, rapid and complete, by fire. The catastrophe left Mr. Rudyerd's skill unimpeached as an architect, for in respect of solidity his work had stood the test of nearly fifty winters; but the many instances of marine conflagration should have warned him that an edifice cased to the summit with tarred timbers was quite as combustible as a ship, and precaution against such accident seems to have been neglected in the arrangements of the lantern.

The flashes of amateur ingenuity have paled their fires before the steady lustre of brighter lights and surer guides. The voice of a commercial people demanded aid for daring enterprises and great designs. Men like Smeaton and Brindley answered the call; and not among the least of their followers are those to whom the humble tribute of these pages has been paid. At this moment we shall be pardoned for observing that the selection and employment of such agents does credit to the Northern Light Commissioners. Did any doubt exist as to the merit of the services of that body, given, as they are, without fee or reward, we should be tempted to reply to the sceptic in something like the language of Wren's epitaph—"Si quæras monumentum, *circumnaviga*." It is known that suggestions have been made for the amalgamation of this and the Irish Board with the Trinity House. We do not claim an acquaintance with all the bearings of the question which would justify us in endeavoring to rouse the perfervid genius of Scottish nationality against such a proposition. We trust, however, that no hasty concession will be made to the mere principle of centralization—a principle misapplied when it disturbs the working of machinery which experience has shown to be adequate to its functions and successful in its operation.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

He envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.

He sighed not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;
He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.

He walked on earth as wood-streams pass,
Unseen beneath the freshened grass;—
His were pure thoughts and humble faith,
A blameless life and tranquil death.

He kept, in days of strife and wrath,
The Christian's straight and narrow path;
But weep thou not;—we must not weep,
When they, who rest in Jesus, sleep.

Christian Songs.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL.

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.

May 24th.—Deare Rose came this morning. I flew forth to welcome her, and as I drew near, she lookt upon me with such a kind of awe as that I could not forbear laughing. Mr. Milton having slept at Sheepscote, had made her privy to our engagement; for indeede, he and Mr. Agnew are such friends, he will keep nothing from him. Thus Rose heares it before my owne mother, which shoulde not be. When we had entered my chamber, she embraced me once and agayn, and seemed to think soe much of my uncommon fortune that I beganne to think more of it my selfe. To heare her talke of Mr. Milton one w^d have supposed her more in love with him than I. Like a bookworm as she is, she fell to praying his composures. "Oh, the leaste I care for in him is his versing," quoth I; and from that moment a spiritt of mischief tooke possession of me, to do a thousand heedlesse, ridiculous things throughout y^e day, to show Rose how little I set by the opinion of soe wise a man. Once or twice Mr. Milton lookt earnestlie and questioningly at me, but I heeded him not. * * * Discourse at table graver and less pleasant, methought, than heretofore. Mr. Busire having dropt in, was avised to ask Mr. Milton why, having had an university education, he had not entered y^e Church. He replied, drylie enough, because he woulde not subscribe himselfe *slave* to anie formularies of men's making. I saw father bite his lip; and Roger Agnew mildly observed, he thought him wrong; for that it was not for an individual to make rules for another individual, but yet that y^e generall voice of the wise and good, removed from y^e pettie prejudices of private feeling, might pronounce authoritativelie wherein an individual was righte or wrong, and frame laws to keepe him in the righte path. Mr. Milton replied, that manie fallibles c^d no more make up an infallible than manie finites could make an infinite. Mr. Agnew rejoyned, that ne'erthelesse, an individual who opposed himselfe agaynst y^e generall current of y^e wise and good, was, leaste of alle, likelie to be in the right; and that y^e limitations of human intellect which made the judgment of manie wise men liable to question, certainlie made y^e judgment of anie wise man, self-dependent, more questionable still. Mr. Milton shortlie replied that there were particulars in y^e required oaths which made him unable to take them without perjurie. And soe, an end; but 't was worth a world to see Rose looking soe anxiously from y^e one speaker to the other, desirous that eache s^d be victorious; and I was sorry that it lasted not a little longer.

As Rose and I tooke our way to y^e summer-house, she put her arm round me, saying, "How charming is divine philosophie!" I coulde not helpe asking if she did not meane how charming was y^e philosophie of one particular divine. Soe

then she discoursed with me of things more seemlie for women than philosophie or divinitie either. Onlie, when Mr. Agnew and Mr. Milton joyned us, she woulde aske them to repeat one piece of poetry after another, beginning with Carew's—

He who loves a rosie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,—

And crying at y^e end of eache, "Is not that lovely? Is not that divine?" I franklie sayd I liked none of them soe much as some Mr. Agnew had recited, concluding with

Mortals that woulde, follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.

Whereon Mr. Milton surprised me with a suddain kiss, to y^e immoderate mirth of Rose, who sayd I coulde not have looked more discomposed had he pretended he was y^e author of those verses. I afterwards found he *was*; but I think she laughd more than there was neede.

We have ever been considered a sufficientlie religious familie; that is, we goe regularly to church on Sabbaths and prayer-dayes, and keepe alle y^e fasts and festivalles. But Mr. Milton's devotion hath attayned a pitch I can neither imitate nor even comprehend. The spirituall world seemeth to him not onlie reall, but I may almoeste say visible. For instance, he tolde Rose, it appears, that on Tuesday nighte, (that is y^e same evening I had promised to be his,) as he went homewards to his farm lodging, he fancied y^e angels whisperinge in his eares, and singing over his head, and that instead of going to his bed like a reasonable being, he lay down on y^e grass, and gazed on y^e sweete pale moon till she sett, and then on y^e bright starres till he seemed to see them moving in a slowe, solemn dance, to y^e words, "How glorious is our God!" And alle about him, he said, he *knew*, tho' he coulde not see them, were spirituall beings repairing the ravages of y^e day on the flowers, amonge y^e trees, and grasse, and hedges; and he believed 't was onlie the filme that originall sin had spread over his eyes, that prevented his seeing them. I am thankful for this same filme—I cannot abide fairies, and witches, and ghosts—ugh! I shudder even to write of them; and were it onlie of the more harmlesse sort, one woulde never have y^e comforte of thinkinge to be alone. I feare church-yardes and dark corners of alle kinds; more especiallie spiritts; and there is onlie one I w^d even wish to see at my bravest, when deepe love casteth out feare; and that is of sister Anne, whome I never associate with y^e worm and winding-sheete. Oh no! I think *she*, at leaste, dwells amonge y^e starres, having sprung strait up into lighte and blisse the moment she put off mortalitye; and if she, why not others? Are Adam and Abraham alle these yeares in y^e unconscious tomb? Theire bodies, but surelie not their spiritts? else, why dothe Christ speak of Lazarus lying in Abraham's bosom while y^e brothers of Dives are yet riotouslie living? Yet what becomes of the daye

of generall judgment, if some be thus pre-judged! I must aske Mr. Milton—yes, I thinke I can finde it in my heart to aske him about this in some solemn, stille hour, and perhaps he will sett at rest manie doubts and misgivings that at sundrie times trouble me; being soe wise a man.

Bedtime.

* * * Glad to steale away from y^e noisie companie in y^e supper-roume, (comprising some of father's fellow-magistrates,) I went down with Robert and Kate to y^e fish ponds; it was scarce sunset; and there, while we threw crumbs to y^e fish and watched them come to the surface, were followed, or ever we were aware, by Mr. Milton, who sat down on the stone seat, drew Robin between his knees, stroked his haire, and askt what we were talking about. Robin sayd I had beene telling them a fairie storie; and Mr. Milton observed that was an infinite improvement on y^e jangling, puzzle-headed prating of country justices, and wished I would tell it agayne. But I was afraide. But Robin had no feares; soe tolde y^e tale roundlie; onlie he forgot y^e end. Soe he found his way backe to y^e middle, and seemed likelie to make it last alle night; onlie Mr. Milton sayd he seemed to have got into y^e labyrinth of Crete, and he must for pitie's sake give him y^e clew. Soe he finished Robin's story, and then tolde another, a most lovelie one, of ladies, and princes, and enchanters, and a brazen horse, and he sayd the end of *that* tale had been cut off too, by reason y^e writer had died before he finished it. But Robin cryed, "Oh! finish this too," and hugged and kist him; soe he did; and me-thoughte y^e end was better than y^e beginnunge. Then he sayd, "Now, sweet Moll, you have onlie spoken this hour past, by your eyes; and we must heare your pleasant voice." "An hour?" cries Robin. "Where are alle y^e red clouds gone, then?" quoth Mr. Milton, "and what business hathe y^e moon yonder?" "Then we must go indoors," quoth I. But they cried "No," and Robin helde me fast, and Mr. Milton sayd I might know even by y^e distant sounds of ill-governed merriment that we were winding up the week's accounts of joy and care more consistentlie where we were than we coule doe in y^e house. And indeede just then I hearde my father's voice swelling a noisie chorus; and hoping Mr. Milton did not distinguish it, I askt him if he loved musick. He answered, soe much that it was miserie for him to hear anie that was not of y^e beste. I secretlie resolved he should never heare mine. He added, he was come of a musicalle familie, and that his father not onlie sang well, but played finely on y^e viol and organ. Then he spake of y^e sweet musick in Italy, untill I longed to be there; but I tolde him nothing in its way ever pleased me more than to heare y^e choiristers of Magdalen college usher in May day by chaunting a hymn at y^e top of y^e church towre. Discoursing of this and that, we thus sate a good while ere we returned to the house.

* * * Coming out of church he woulde shun y^e common field, where y^e villagery led up theire sports, saying, he deemed quoit-playing and y^e like to be unsuitable recreations on a daye whereupon the Lord had restricted us from speakinge our own words, and thinking our own (that is, secular) thoughts; and that he believed y^e law of God in this particuler woulde soone be the law of y^e land, for parliament woulde shortlie put down Sunday sports. I askt, "What, the king's parliament at Oxford?" He answered, "No; the country's parliament at Westminster." I sayd, I was sorrie, for manie poore hard-working men had no other holiday. He sayd, another holiday woulde be given them; and that whether or no, we must not connive at evil, which we doe in permitting an *holy daye* to sink into a holiday. I sayd, but was it not y^e Jewish law, which had made such restrictions? He sayd, yes, but that Christ came not to destroy y^e moral law, of which sabbath-keeping was a part, and that even its naturall fitnessse for the bodily welfare of man and beast was such as no wise legislator would abolish or abuse it, even had he no consideration for our spiritual and immortal part; and that 't was a well-known fact that beasts of burthen, which had not one daye of rest in seven, did lesse worke in y^e end. As for oure soules, he sayd, they required theire spiritual meales as much as our bodies required theires: and even poore, rusticall clownes, who coule not reade, mighte nourish their better parts by an holie pause, and by looking within them, and around them, and above them. I felt inclined to tell him that long sermons alwaies seemed to make me love God less insteade of more, but woulde not, fearing he mighte take it that I meant he had been giving me one.

Monday.—Mother hath returned! The moment I hearde her voice I fell to trembling. At y^e same moment I hearde Robin cry, "Oh, mother, I have broken the greene beaker!" which betraied apprehension in another quarter. However, she quite mildlie replied, "Ah, I knew the handle was loose," and then kist me with soe greate affection that I felt quite easie. She had beene withelde by a troublesome colde from returning at y^e appointed time, and cared not to write. 'T was just supper-time, and there were the children to kiss and to give theire bread and milk, and Bill's letter to reade; so that nothing particular was sayd till the younger ones were gone to bed, and father and mother were taking some wine and toast. Then says father, "Well, wife, have you got the five hundred pounds?" "No," she answers, rather carelesslie. "I tolde you how 't woulde be," says father: "you mighte as well have staid at home." "Really, Mr. Powell," says mother, "soe seldom as I stir from my owne chimney-corner, you neede not to grudge me, I think, a few dayes among our mutuall relatives." "I shall goe to gaol," says father. "Nonsense," says mother; "to gaol indeed!" "Well, then, who is to keepe me from it?" says father, laugh-

ing. "I will answer for it, Mr. Milton will wait a little longer for his money," says mother, "he is an honorable man, I suppose." "I wish he may thinke me one," says father; "and as to a little longer, what is y^e goode of waiting for what is as unlikely to come eventuellie as now?" "You must answer that for yourselfe," says mother, looking wearie; "I have done what I can, and can doe no more." "Well, then, 't is lucky matters stand as they do," says father. "Mr. Milton has been much here in your absence, my dear, and has taken a liking to our Moll; soe, believing him, as you say, to be an honorable man, I have promised he shall have her." "Nonsense," cries mother, turning red and then pale. "Never farther from nonsense," says father, "for 't is to be, and by y^e ende of y^e month too." "You are bantering me, Mr. Powell," says mother. "How can you suppose soe, my deare?" says father, "you doe me injustice." "Why, Moll!" cries mother, turning sharplie towards me, as I sate mute and fearfull, "what is alle this, child! You cannot, you dare not think of wedding this round-headed puritan." "Not round-headed," said I, trembling; "his haire is as long and curled as mine." "Don't bandy words with me, girl," says mother passionately, "see how unfit you are to have a house of your owne, who cannot be left in charge of your father's for a fortnight, without falling into mischief?" "I won't have Moll chidden in that way," says father; "she has fallen into noe mischief, and has beene a discrete and dutifull child." "Then it has beene all your doing," says mother, "and you have forced the child into this match." "Noe forcing whatever," says father, "they like one another, and I am very glad of it, for it happens to be very convenient." "Convenient, indeed," repeats mother, and falls a weeping. Thereon I must needs weepe too, but she says, "Begone to bed; there is no neede that you shoulde sit by to heare your owne father confesse what a fool he has beene."

To my bedroom I have come, but cannot yet seek my bed; the more as I still heare their voices in contention below.

Tuesday.—This morning's breakfast was moste uncomfortable, I feeling like a cheekt child, scarce minding to looke up or to eat. Mother, with eyes red and swollen, scarce speaking save to the children; father directing his discourse chieflie to Dick, concerning farm matters and y^e rangership of Shotover, tho' 't was easie to see his mind was not with them. Soe soone as alle had dispersed to theire customed tasks, and I was loitering at y^e window, father calls aloud to me from his studdy. Thither I go, and find him and mother, she sitting with her back to both. "Moll," says father, with great determination, "you have accepted Mr. Milton to please yourself, you will marry him out of hand to please me." "Spare me, spare me, Mr. Powell," interrupts mother, "if the engagement may not be broken off, at

the leaste precipitate it not with this indecent haste. Postpone it till——" "Till when?" says father. "Till the child is olde enough to know her owne mind." "That is, to put off an honorable man on false pretences," says father; "she is olde enough to know it already. Speake, Moll, are you of your mother's mind to give up Mr. Milton altogether?" I trembled, but said, "No." "Then, as his time is precious, and he knows not when he may leave his home agayn, I save you the trouble, child, of naming a day, for it shall be the Monday before Whitsuntide." Thereat mother gave a kind of groan; but as for me, I had like to have fallen on y^e ground, for I had had noe thought of suche haste. "See what you are doing, Mr. Powell," says mother, compassionating me, and raising me up, though somewhat roughlie; "I prophecie evil of this match." "Prophets of evil are sure to find listeners," says father, "but I am not one of them;" and soe left y^e room. Thereon my mother, who alwaies feares him when he has a fit of determination, loosed the bounds of her passion, and chid me so unkindlie, that, humbled and mortified, I was glad to seeke my chamber.

* * * Entering y^e dining-room, however, I uttered a shriek on seeing father fallen back in his chair, as though in a fit, like unto that which terrified us a year ago; and mother hearing me call out, ran in, loosed his collar, and soone brought him to himselfe, tho' not without much alarm to alle. He made light of it himselfe, and said 't was merelie a suddain rush of blood to y^e head, and woulde not be dissuaded from going out; but mother was playnly smote at the heart, and having lookt after him with some anxietie, exclaimed, "I shall neither meddle nor make more in this businesse; your father's suddain seizures shall never be layd at my doore;" and soe left me, till we met at dinner. After the cloth was drawne, enters Mr. Milton, who goes up to mother, and with gracefulness kisses her hand; but she withdrew it pettishly, and tooke up her sewing, on the which he lookt at her wonderingly and then at me; then at her agayne, as though he woulde reade her whole character in her face; which having seemed to doe, and to write y^e same in some private page of his heart, he never troubled her or himself with further comment, but tooke up matters just where he had left them last. Ere we parted we had some private conference touching our marriage, for hastening which he had soe much to say that I coulde not long contend with him, especiallie as I founde he had plainlie made out that mother loved him not.

Wednesday.—House full of companie, leaving noe time to write nor think. Mother sayth, tho' she cannot forebode an happy marriage, she will provide for a merrie wedding, and hath growne more than commonlie tender to me, and given me some trinkets, a piece of fine Holland cloth, and enoughe of green sattin for a gown, that will stand on end with its owne richnesse. She hath me constantlie with her in y^e kitchen, pastrie, and

store-room, telling me 't is needfull I shoulde improve in housewiferie, seeing I shall soe soone have a home of my owne.

But I think mother knows not, and I am afeard to tell her, that Mr. Milton hath no house of his owne to carry me to, but onlie lodgings, which have well suited his bachelor state, but may not, 't is likelie, bescome a lady to live in. He deems so himself, and sayeth we will look out for an hired house together, at our leisure. Alle this he hath sayd to me in an undertone, in mother's presence, she sewing at y^e table and we sitting in y^e window; and 't is difficult to tell how much she hears, for she will aske no questions, and make noe comments, onlie compresses her lips, which makes me think she knows.

The children are in turbulent spiritts; but Robin hath done nought but mope and make moan since he learnt he must soe soone lose me. A thought hath struck me—Mr. Milton educates his sister's sons; two lads of about Robin's age. What if he woulde consent to take my brother under his charge? perhaps father would be willing.

Saturday.—Last visit to Sheepscote—at leaste, as *Mary Powell*; but kind Rose and Roger Agnew will give us the use of it for a week on our marriage, and spend the time with dear father and mother, who will neede their kindnesse. Rose and I walked long aboute y^e garden, her arm round my neck; and she was avised to say,

Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Tho' thou be matcht with cloth of gold—

And then craved my pardon for soe unmannerly a rhyme, which indeede, methoughte, needed an excuse, but exprest a feare that I knew not (what she called) my high destiny, and prayed me not to trifle with Mr. Milton's feelings nor in his sighte, as I had done y^e daye she dined at Forest Hill. I laught, and sayd, he must take me as he found me; he was going to marry Mary Powell, not y^e Wise Widow of Tekoah. Rose lookt wistfullie, but I bade her take heart, for I doubted not we shoulde content eache y^e other; and for the rest her advice shoulde not be forgotten. Thereat, she was pacified.

May 22d.—Alle bustle and confusion—slaying of poultrie, makinge of pastrie, etc. People coming and going, prest to dine and to sup, and refuse, and then stay, y^e colde meats and wines ever on y^e table; and in y^e evening, the rebeckes and recorders sent for that we may dance in y^e hall. My spiritts have been most unequall; and this evening I was overtaken with a suddain faintnesse, such as I never but once before experienced. They would let me dance no more; and I was quite tired enoughe to be glad to sit aparte with Mr. Milton neare the doore, with y^e moon shining on us; untill at length he drew me out into y^e garden. He spake of happinesse and home, and hearts knit in love, and of heavenlie espousals, and of man being y^e head of the woman, and of our Lord's

marriage with y^e Church, and of white robes, and the bridegroom coming in clouds of glory, and of y^e voices of singing men and singing women, and eternall spring, and eternall blisse, and much that I cannot call to mind, and other-much that I could not comprehend, but which was in mine ears as y^e song of birds, or falling of waters.

23d.—Rose hath come, and hath kindlie offered to help pack y^e trunks, (which are to be sent off by the waggon to London,) that I may have y^e more time to devote to Mr. Milton. Nay, but he will soon have all my time devoted to himself, and I would as lief spend what little remains in mine accustomed haunts, after mine accustomed fashion. I had purposed a ride on Clover this morning, with Robin; but y^e poor boy must I trow be disappointed.

—And for what! Oh me! I have hearde such a long sermon on marriage-duty and service, that I am faine to sit down and weepe. But no, I must not, for they are waiting for me in y^e hall, and y^e guests are come and y^e musick is tuning, and my lookes must not betray me.—And now farewell, Journall; for Rose, who first bade me keepe you, (little deeming after what fashion,) will now pack you up, and I will not close you with a heavie strayn. Robin is calling me beneath y^e window—Father is sitting in y^e shade, under the old pear-tree, seemingly in gay discourse with Mr. Milton. To-morrow y^e village-bells will ring for the marriage of

MARY POWELL.

London.

Mr. Russell's, Taylor, St. Bride's Churchyard.

Oh heaven! is this my new home? my heart sinks alreadie. After y^e swete fresh ayre of Sheepscote, and y^e cleanness, and y^e quiet and y^e pleasant smells, sightes, and soundes, alle whereof Mr. Milton enjoyed to y^e full as keenlie as I, saying they minded him of Paradise—how woulde Rose pitie me, could she view me in this close chamber, the floor whereof of dark, uneven boards, must have beene layd, methinks, three hundred years ago: the oaken pannells, utterlie destitute of polish and with sundrie chinks; the bed with dull brown hangings, lined with as dull a greene, occupying half y^e space; and half y^e remainder being filled with dustie books, whereof there are store, alsoe in every other place. This mirror, I s^t thinke, belonged to faire Rosamond. And this arm-chair to King Lear. Over y^e chimnie hangs a ruefull portrait—maybe of Grotius, but I shoulde sooner deeme it of some worthie before y^e Flood. Onlie one quarter of y^e casement will open, and that upon a prospect, oh dolefull! of y^e churchyarde! Mr. Milton had need be as blythe as he was all y^e time we were at Sheepscote, or I shall be buried in that same churchyarde within y^e twelvemonth. 'T is well he has stepped out to see a friend, that I may in his absence get ridd of this fit of y^e dismall. I wish it may be y^e last. What would mother say to his bringing

me to such a home as this! I will not think. Soe this is London! How diverse from the "towered citie" of my husband's versing! and of his prose too; for as he spake, by the way, of y^e disorders of our time, which extend even into eache domestick circle, he sayd that alle must, for a while, appear confused to our imperfect view, just as a mightie citie unto a stranger who shoulde beholde around him huge, unfinished fabrics, the plan whereof he could but imperfectlie make out, amid y^e builders' disorderlie apparatus; but that, *from afar*, we mighte perceive glorious results from party contentions—freedom springing up from oppression, intelligence succeeding ignorance, order following disorder, just as that same traveller looking at y^e citie from a distant height, s^d beholde towres, and spires glistening with gold and marble, streets stretching in lessening perspectives, and bridges flinging their white arches over noble rivers. But what of this saw we all along y^e Oxford-road! Firstlie, there was noe commanding height; second, there was y^e citie obscured by a drizzling rain; y^e ways were foul, y^e faces of those we mett spake less of pleasure than business, and bells were tolling, but none ringing. Mr. Milton's father, a grey-haired, kind old man, was here to give us welcome; and his firste words were, "Why, John, thou hast stolen a march on us. Soe quickly, too, and soe snug! But she is faire enough, man, to excuse thee, royalist or noe."

And soe, taking me in his arms, kist me franklie. But I heare my husband's voice, and another with it.

Thursday.—"T was a Mr. Lawrence whom my husband brought home last nighte to sup; and y^e evening passed righte pleasantlie, with news, jestes, and a little musicke. Todaye, hath been kindlie devoted by Mr. Milton to shewing me sights;—and oh! the strange, diverting cries in y^e streets, even from earlie dawn! "New milk and curds from y^e dairie!"—"Olde shoes for some brooms?"—"Anie kitchen stufte, have you, maids?"—"Come buy my greene herbes!"—and then in y^e streets, here a man preaching, there another juggling; here a boy with an ape, there a show of Nineveh; next y^e news from the north; and as for y^e China shops and drapers in y^e Strand, and y^e cooks' shops in Westminster, with the smoking ribs of beef and fresh salads set out on tables in y^e street, and men in white aprons crying out "Calf's liver, tripe, and hot sheep's feet"—'t was enough to make one untimelie hungrie—or take one's appetite away, as y^e case might be. Mr. Milton showed me y^e noble minster, with King Harry Seventh's chapel adjoining; and pointed out y^e old house where Ben Jonson died. Neare y^e Broade Sanctuarie, we fell in with a slighte, dark-complexioned young gentleman of two or three and twenty, whome my husband espying cryed, "What, Marvell!" the other comically answering, "What marvel!" and then handsomlie saluting me and complimenting Mr. Milton, much lighte and pleasant discourse ensued; and, finding we were

aboute to take boat, he volunteered to goe with us on y^e river. After manie hours' exercise, I have come home fatigued, yet well pleased. Mr. Marvell sups with us.

Friday.—I wish I could note down a tithe of y^e pleasant things y^e were said last nighte. First, olde Mr. Milton having stept out with his son—I called in Rachael, y^e younger of Mr. Russell's serving-maids, (for we have none of our owne as yet, which tends to much discomfiture,) and, with her aide, I dusted the bookes and sett them in half y^e space they had occupied; then cleared away three large basketfuls, of y^e absolutest rubbish, torn letters and y^e like, and sent out for flowers, (which it seemeth strange enough to me to buy,) which gave y^e chamber a gayer aire, and soe my husband sayd when he came in, calling me y^e fayrest of them alle; and then, sitting down with gayety to y^e organ, drew forth from it heavenlie sounds. Afterwards Mr. Marvell came in, and they discoursed about Italy, and Mr. Milton promised his friepd some letters of introduction to Jacopo Gaddi, Clementillo, and others.—

After supper, they wrote sentences, definitions, and y^e like, after a fashion of Catherine de Medici, some of which I have layd aside for Rose.

—To day we have scene St. Paul's faire cathedral, and y^e school where Mr. Milton was a scholar when a boy; thence, to y^e fields of Finsbury; where are trees and windmills enow: a place much frequented for practising archery and other manlie exercises.

Saturday.—Tho' we rise betimes, olde Mr. Milton is earlie stille: and I always find him sitting at his table beside y^e window, (by reason of y^e chamber being soe dark,) sorting I know not how manie bundles of papers tied with red tape; eache so like y^e other that I marvel how he knows them aparte. This morning, I found y^e poore old gentleman in sad distress at missing a manuscript song of Mr. Henry Lawe's, the onlie copy extant, which he persuaded himselfe that I must have sent down to y^e kitchen fire yesterday. I am convinced I dismist not a single paper that was not torne eache way, as being utterlie uselesse; but as y^e unluckie song cannot be founde, he sighs and is certayn of my delinquence, as is Hubert, his owne man; or, as he more frequentlie calls him, his "odd man;"—and an odd man indeede is Mr. Hubert, readie to address his master or master's sonne on y^e merest occasion, without waiting to be spoken to; tho' he expecteth others to treat them with far more deference than he himself payeth.

—Dead tired, this daye, with so much exercise; but woulde not say soe, because my husband was thinking to please me by shewing me soe much. Spiritts flagging however. These London streets wearie my feet. We have been over y^e house in Aldersgate St., the garden whereof disappointed me, having hearde soe much

of it; but 't is far better than none, and y^e house is large enough for Mr. Milton's familie and my father's to boote. Thought how pleasant 't would be to have them alle aboute me next Christmase; but that holie time is noe longer kept with joyfulness in London. Ventured, therefore, to expresse a hope, we mighte spend it at Forest Hill; but Mr. Milton sayd 't was unlikelie he s^d be able to leave home; and askt, would I go alone?—Constrained, for shame, to say no; but felt, in my heart, I woulde jump to see Forest Hill on anie terms, I soe love alle that dwell there.

Sunday even.—Private and publick prayer, sermons, and psalm-singing from morn until night. The onlie break hath been a visit to a quaint but pleasing Quaker lady, (y^e first of that persuasion I have ever had speech of,) by name Catherine Thompson, whom my husband holds in great reverence. She said manie things worthy to be remembered; onlie as I remember them, I need not to write them down. Sorrie to be caughte napping by my husband, in y^e midst of the third long sermon. This comes of over-walking, and of being unable to sleep o' nights; for whether it be y^e London ayre, or y^e London methods of making y^e beds, or y^e strange noises in the streets, I know not, but I have scarce beene able to close my eyes before daybreak since I came to town.

Monday.—And now beginneth a new life; for my husband's pupils, who were dismist for a time for my sake, retorne to theire tasks this daye, and olde Mr. Milton giveth place to his two grandsons, his widowed daughter's children, Edward and John Philips, whom my husband led in to me just now. Two plainer boys I never sett eyes on; the one weak-eyed and puny, the other prim and puritanical!—no more to be compared to our sweet Robin! * * After a few words, they retired to theire books; and my husband, taking my hand, sayd in his kindest manner,—“And now I leave my sweete Moll to the pleasant companie of her own goode and innocent thoughtes; and, if she needs more, here are both stringed and keyed instruments, and books both of the older and modern time, soe that she will not find the hours hang heavie.” Methoughte how much more I s^d like a ride upon Clover than all y^e books that ever were penned; for the door no sooner closed upon Mr. Milton than it seemed as tho' he had taken alle y^e sunshine with him; and I fell to cleaning y^e casement that I mighte look out y^e better into y^e churchyarde, and then altered tables and chairs, and then sate downe with my elbows resting on y^e window-seat, and my chin on y^e palms of my

hands, gazing on I knew not what, and feeling like a butterflie under a wine-glass.

I marvelled why it seemed soe long since I was married, and wondered what they were doing at home—could fancy I hearde mother chiding, and see Charlie stealing into y^e dairie and dipping his finger in y^e cream, and Kate feeding the chickens, and Dick taking a stone out of Whitestar's shoe.

—Methought how dull it was to be passing y^e best part of the summer out of y^e reache of fresh ayre and greene fields, and wondered, would alle my future summers be soe spent?

Thoughte how dull it was to live in lodgings, where one c^d not even go into y^e kitchen to make a pudding, and how dull to live in a town, without some young female friend with whom one might have ventured into y^e streets, and where one could not soe much as feed colts in a paddock; how dull to be without a garden, unable soe much as to gather a handfule of ripe cherries; and how dull to looke into a churchyarde, where there was a man digging a grave!

—When I wearied of staring at y^e grave-digger, I gazed at an olde gentleman and a young lady slowlie walking along, yet scarce as if I noted them; and was thinking mostlie of Forest Hill, when I saw them stop at our doore, and presently they were shewn in, by y^e name of Doctor and Mistress Davies. I sent for my husband, and entertayned 'em bothe as well as I c^d, till he appeared, and they were polite and pleasant to me; the young lady tall and slender, of a cleare brown skin, and with eyes that were fine enough; onlie there was a supprest smile on her lips alle y^e time, as tho' she had seen me looking out of y^e window. She tried me on all subjects, I think; for she started them more adroitlie than I; and taking up a book on y^e window-seat, which was y^e Amadigi of Bernardo Tasso, printed alle in *Italiques*, she sayd, if I loved poetry, which she was sure I must, she knew she shoulde love me. I did not tell her whether or noe. Then we were both silent. Then Doctor Davies talked vehementlie to Mr. Milton agaynst y^e King; and Mr. Milton was not so contrarie to him as I c^d have wished. Then Mistress Davies tooke y^e word from her father and beganne to talke to Mr. Milton of Tasso, and Dante, and Boiardo, and Ariosto; and then Dr. Davies and I were silent. Methoughte, they both talked well, tho' I knew so little of their subject-matter; onlie they complimented eache other too much. I mean not they were insincere, for eache seemed to think highlie of y^e other; onlie we neede not say alle we feele.

To conclude, we are to sup with them to-morrow.

From the Quarterly Review.

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, JUN. With numerous woodcuts. London. Post 8vo., pp. 449. 1849.

SOME few years ago we submitted to our readers a brief account of the Syriac and other MSS. with which the British Museum had been enriched through the zeal and industry of Mr. Archdeacon Tattam; and we were fortunate enough to be allowed to enliven our article* on apparently a rather dry subject, by several sketches of monastic manners, extracted from the private letters and journals not only of Mr. Tattam's niece and companion, Miss Platt, but also of Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland) and the Hon. Robert Curzon—both of whom had preceded the archdeacon in the inspection of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, and negotiated, with more or less success, for the purchase of ancient books and scrolls no longer intelligible to the few poor harmless drones that still doze out life in those mouldering cradles of asceticism. The fragment of narrative then furnished to us by Mr. Curzon (*Quar. Rev.*, vol. 77, pp. 52-55) seemed to ourselves a particularly entertaining one, and we hinted our hope that he might take courage to give the public more copious specimens of his adventures as a bibliomaniacal tourist in the Eastern regions. This volume consists of such specimens—being the descriptions of visits to several of the Egyptian convents above mentioned in 1833—to those of the Holy Land in 1834—and subsequently to others in different parts of the Ottoman empire—ending with the extraordinary conglomeration of monasteries on Mount Athos. He seems to have spent about five years in his expedition, and his notes leave no doubt that they were well-spent years. Whether or not he passed part of *them* in Italy we are not told; but he seems to be very well acquainted with her monuments of antiquity and art, especially with her ecclesiastical architecture and old religious painting and sculpture. It is needless to add that the ardent Roxburgher shows himself to be familiar with her great libraries—as well as those of France. The reader, however, is not to anticipate a ponderous dose of erudition and artistic criticism. Anything but that. Mr. Curzon, a young gentleman of rank—heir indeed to a peerage—had left Oxford with the usual tastes and habits of his contemporaries, as well as with a rare and praiseworthy love and affection for the darkest recesses of the Bodleian, and such a filial reverence for its antique gems of calligraphy and typography as must have satisfied the warmest wishes of Doctor Bliss. He had kept a healthy appetite for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of prosperous youth, and evidently enters into all innocent varieties of sport and fun with a fearless zest. He would not be a worthy Roxburgher if he did not, among his other scientific developments, include a cognoscent appreciation of eatables and drinkables—the “portly eidolon” of Dibdin would frown!

* Printed in No. 94 of the Living Age.

Nor—haunting as he does with such gusto the dim and flinty corridors of Oriental cœnobites, poring morning after morning over unciated and miniaturized parchments, and in the evening hobnobbing (*rosoglio to wit*) with holy recluse Agoumenoi of Meteora or Athos (within which last entire peninsula of piety no female creature is known to have ventured for ages, except only one cat and certain fleas)—does our “Milordos Inglesis” conceal his having retained in one corner a decorous but genial devotion to the cowl-eschewed charms. We should be inclined to form a very favorable notion of our author's whole character and disposition: but not to trespass further on what may seem hardly lawful ground, we think all his readers will feel how gracefully the literary and antiquarian enthusiasm that prompted and gives importance and dignity to his wanderings is set off by the artless, unchecked juvenility of spirit which he carries everywhere with him in his social intercourse, and the fresh, hearty enjoyment he has in the beauties of external nature.

The greatest and rarest merit of the book is the total absence of all conceits and affectations. We have seldom read one that has less the air of being written for effect. Nobody can put a volume of light sketches from a tour for missals and triptics on a level with such a masterly record of gallant enterprise and exciting discovery as Mr. Layard's; but it will, we are confident, take a good place and keep it. No book could well be less like *Eöthen*—in spirit, in substance, in temper, in style, they are each other's antipodes; but we hazard little in prophesying that Mr. Curzon's work will be more popular than any other recent set of Oriental descriptions, except Mr. Kinglake's; and however that remarkable writer may claim the superiority in wit, point, and artistical finish, we should not be surprised if the respectable oddity of Mr. Curzon's objects and fancies, with the happier cast of his general sentiments and reflections, should be sufficient to win fully equal acceptance for the *Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant*.

When an author of such promise publishes his first book, we consider it our duty to adhere, or rather to revert, to the old style of reviewal, and allow our readers the opportunity of judging him for themselves from as copious extracts as we can well afford.

No one will pretend to compare on the whole the monasteries of the East with those of the West—the influence of the former, whether we look to religion, to literature, to science, to art, or to the political arrangements of society, has been far inferior to that which all historians recognize in the other case. But still the Eastern monasteries deserve more attention than has fallen to their share—and to trace them from their origin to the present time would be a task worthy of no ordinary talents. Should Mr. Curzon possess, in addition to the many excellent qualities he has already given proof of, the fixity of purpose and resolution to devote his leisure to this task, he might, we do not doubt, earn for his name a per-

manent station in a high department of historical research. These establishments in their earlier day were the residences of the Christian Fathers from whom we ourselves inherit our noblest liturgies, many of whose doctrinal expositions remain of uncontested authority, and whose command of lofty and pathetic eloquence must always rank them foremost in the literature of the pulpit. Continuously as the Greek monasteries have been sinking during many centuries past, their preservation from utter destruction amidst so many violent revolutions, in spite of the downfall of Christian empires and kingdoms, the conquests of unbelieving powers, the cruel persecutions and oppressions, murderings and spoilings of ages of barbarous tyranny, has more than any one circumstance besides kept alive many traditions of antiquity; and to the very buildings themselves, few, comparatively, though they be that still exist, we owe all but our best materials for realizing the modes and conditions of ancient life among any one class of men. But for the revelations of Pompeii and Herculaneum we should in this respect have had nothing at all to place above or beside them.

Their troubled history too well explains why, from a very early date, they all assumed the character of fortresses. Everywhere, from the morasses of Moldavia to the cataracts of the Nile, from the vale of the Peneus to the mountains of Koordistan, they have been and are castles. Sometimes they are found hanging like birds'-nests or bee-hives on some shelf in the face of an enormous precipice—accessible only by pulleys or ladders. Not uncommonly they occupy the summit of an isolated pillar of rock, rising hundreds of feet sheer from the pass. In flat regions, where violence has been rife, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, the whole is enclosed within a high dead wall—with no windows outwards, except perhaps in some wooden gallery or wicker cradles that top the massive battlement, and may be removed with ease, or destroyed without serious inconvenience. If by such means they can baffle external assault, their own hereditary feelings ensure a most sacred watch over whatever is enclosed within, and can be in any degree appreciated by the community. If a chapel, a refectory, even a kitchen or a cellar requires repair, it is restored with the most anxious precision, and all trace of the modern hand is very soon indistinguishable. It is the same with every painting—a careful pencil is always ready to freshen the least spot of decay or dimness—and such as they were a thousand years ago or more, such are they at this hour. The artists are servilely mechanical—they have sets of rules many centuries old, with pattern tints for every object of detail, and by these they guide themselves from generation to generation, as scrupulously as if the most serious duty of religion were concerned. Their shrines, reliquaries, chalices, every article in metal, the carved and embossed frames of pictures and boards of holy books, have in many instances come quite unharmed through all the chances of twelve centuries. The MS. charters

and books themselves, the great objects of Mr. Curzon's quest, are often of equal antiquity; and but for the unhappy device of the Palimpsest, and the utter ignorance of the more modern monks, we might not unfairly hope for the recovery among their tranquil shelves of all those treasures which were accessible, it seems as but yesterday, to the grammarians and epitomizers of the Byzantine school. As it is, we by no means give up all such hopes, even as to remains of classical literature; a wandering Mai may yet work wonders of decipherment. But the stores of Eastern and ecclesiastical history are undoubtedly very great, and after what we have just seen gathered from the Natron Valley, it is hard to put limits to still rational anticipation.

There can be no question that the ever darkening ignorance of the monks has induced neglect in the one department where care would have been most important; that thus, even within a recent period, very many curious MSS. have been lost or destroyed; nor do we see how the process is at all likely to be checked, except by the excitement of cupidity from the visits of such liberal merchants as Mr. Curzon. The examples his own narrative affords of woful waste are frequent and most painful; in his preface he retails at least a good story:—

A Russian, or I do not know whether he was not a French traveller, in the pursuit, as I was, of ancient literary treasures, found himself in a great monastery in Bulgaria to the north of the town of Cavalla; he had heard that the books preserved in this remote building were remarkable for their antiquity, and for the subjects on which they treated. His dismay and disappointment may be imagined when he was assured by the agoumenos or superior of the monastery, that it contained no library whatever, that they had nothing but the liturgies and church books, and no palæa pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a pack-saddle over villanous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *Κυrie eleison, Χριστε eleison*, (pronounced Kyre eleizon, Christe eleizon,) which occurs almost every minute in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way which I have described. The traveller on examining these ponderous tomes found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks; they were comfortably covered with ketché or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation who stood upon them without shoes for

so many hours in the day. I must add that the lower halves of the manuscripts were imperfect, from the damp of the floor of the church having corroded and eaten away their vellum leaves—and also that, as the story is not my own, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, though, whether it is true or not, it elucidates the present state of the literary attainments of the Oriental monks.—p. xxiii.

On another point Mr. Curzon's candid statement may disappoint some. The architecture of the churches in the ancient monasteries of the East is rarely fine; they were for the monks alone, and therefore usually very small—never large. Even the non-monastic churches were always far inferior in every respect to the Latin basilicas of Rome. The only Byzantine church of any magnitude is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, now a mosque.

The student of ecclesiastical antiquities need not extend his architectural researches beyond the shores of Italy; there is nothing in the East so curious as the church of St. Clemente at Rome, which contains all the original fittings of the choir. The churches of St. Ambrogio at Milan, of Sta. Maria Trastevere at Rome, the first church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; the church of St. Agnese near Rome, the first in which galleries were built over the side aisles for the accommodation of women, who, neither in the Eastern nor Western churches, ever mixed with the men for many centuries; all these and several others in Italy afford more instruction than those of the East—they are larger, more magnificent, and in every respect superior to the ecclesiastical buildings of the Levant. But the poverty of the Eastern church, and its early subjection to Mahometan rulers, whilst it has kept down the size and splendor of the churches, has at the same time been the means of preserving the monastic establishments in all the rude originality of their ancient forms.—i. p. xxi.

It was in the winter of 1833 that Mr. Curzon's bibliomania first carried him into a Mahometan realm; and though he has far too much taste and modesty (which always go together) for occupying many of his pages with the scenery and manners of Egypt, so fully treated by contemporaries like Lane and Wilkinson, still, in the fragments of general narrative necessary for bringing in conveniently and intelligibly his accounts of monastic fastnesses and book-bargainings, there are not a few passages that will reward his reader—thoroughly unaffected transcripts of the first impressions made in a totally new world on an acute and susceptible mind. For instance, take this little glimpse at Alexandria:—

Long strings of ungainly-looking camels were continually passing, generally preceded by a donkey, and accompanied by swarthy men clad in a short shirt with a red and yellow handkerchief tied in a peculiar way over their heads, and wearing sandals; these savage-looking people were Bedouins, or Arabs of the desert. A very truculent set they seemed to be, and all of them were armed with a long crooked knife and a pistol or two, stuck in a red leathern girdle. They were thin, gaunt, and dirty, and strode along looking fierce and independent. There was something very striking in the appearance of these untamed Arabs: I had never

pictured to myself that anything so like a wild beast could exist in human form. The motions of their half-naked bodies were singularly free and light, and they looked as if they could climb, and run, and leap over anything. The appearance of many of the older Arabs, with their long white beard and their ample cloak of camel's hair, called an abba, is majestic and venerable. It was the first time that I had seen these "Children of the Desert," and the quickness of their eyes, their apparent freedom from all restraint, and their disregard of any conventional manners, struck me forcibly. An English gentleman in a round hat and tight neckhandkerchief and boots, with white gloves and a little cane in his hand, was a style of man so utterly and entirely unlike a Bedouin Arab, that I could hardly conceive the possibility of their being only different species of the same animal.—pp. 7, 8.

At Cairo he gives this note:—

The Mahomedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed; the second is about two hours after sunset; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. First one or two are heard faintly in the distance, then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for a while, and then commence the hum and bustle of the awakening city. The cry of man, to call his brother man to prayer, seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells.

Nothing has left a deeper impression on most Oxonian memories than the observance at Magdalen College on the first of May, when the choristers ascend the tall and beautiful tower, and there sing a Latin hymn to the Season. We rather wonder that Mr. Curzon did not allude to that scene—for he seems to have had in his mind the lovely stanza on it in "The Scholar's Funeral" of Professor Wilson—where the bells have due honor as well as the human voices:—

Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalen Tower,
Still wont to usher in delightful May;
The dewy silence of the morning hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
That, hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,
As if a troop of sainted souls on high
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

But to return to El Kahira and the Muezzins:

The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert, who, however, are not much given to praying, consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a

shadow of its own height upon the ground. This time of day is called "Al Assr." When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations respecting the Assr. I knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length.—pp. 37, 38.

His first interview with old Mehemet Ali was in February, 1834, at Cairo:—

A curtain was drawn aside, and we were ushered at once into the presence of the viceroy, whom we found walking up and down in the middle of a large room, between two rows of gigantic silver candlesticks, which stood upon the carpet. This is the usual way of lighting a room in Egypt:—Six large silver dishes, about two feet in diameter and turned upside down, are first placed upon the floor, three on each side, near the centre of the room. On each of these stands a silver candlestick, between four and five feet high, containing a wax candle three feet long and very thick. A seventh candlestick, of smaller dimensions, stands on the floor, separate from these, for the purpose of being moved about; it is carried to any one who wants to read a letter, or to examine an object more closely while he is seated on the divan. Almost every room in the palace has an European chandelier hanging from the ceiling, but I do not remember having ever seen one lit. These large candlesticks, standing in two rows, with the little one before them, always put me in mind of a line of lifeguards of gigantic stature, commanded by a little officer whom they could almost put in their pockets.

When we were seated on the divan we commenced the usual routine of Oriental compliments; and coffee was handed to us in cups entirely covered with large diamonds. A pipe was then brought to the pasha, but not to us. This pipe was about seven feet long; the mouthpiece, of light green amber, was a foot long, and a foot more below the mouthpiece, as well as another part of the pipe lower down, was richly set with diamonds of great value, with a diamond tassel hanging to it.

We discoursed for three quarters of an hour about the possibility of laying a railway across the Isthmus of Suez, which was the project then uppermost in the pasha's mind; but the circumstance which most strongly recalls this audience to my memory, and which struck me as an instance of manners differing entirely from our own, was, in itself, a very trivial one. The pasha wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and looked about and felt in his pocket for it, but could not find it, making various exclamations during his search, which at last were answered by an attendant from the lower end of the room—"Feel in the other pocket," said the servant. "Well, it is not there," said the pasha. "Look in the other, then." "I have not got a handkerchief," or words to that effect, were replied to immediately. "Yes, you have;"—"No, I have not;"—"Yes, you have." Eventually this attendant, advancing up to the pasha, felt in the pocket of his jacket, but the handkerchief was not to be found; then he poked all round the pasha's waist, to see whether it was not tucked into his shawl. That would not do; so he took hold of his sovereign and pushed him half over on the divan, and looked under him to see whether he was sitting on the handkerchief; then he pushed him over on the other side. During all which manoeuvres the pasha sat as quietly

and passively as possible. The servant then, thrusting his arm up to the elbow in one of the pockets of his highness' voluminous trousers, pulled out a snuff-box, a rosary, and several other things, which he laid upon the divan. That would not do, either; so he came over to the other pocket, and diving to a prodigious depth he produced the missing handkerchief from the recesses thereof; and with great respect and gravity, thrusting it into the pasha's hand, he retired again to his place at the lower end of the hall.—pp. 49-51.

The sense of all this apparently free-and-easy handling of the Turk by his servant is, that the servant is his chatel—and can no more be suspected of intentional disrespect than a pair of lazy-tongs.

In the course of his progress up the Nile, Mr. Curzon has the good luck to be an eye-witness of a fact mentioned by Herodotus, but not previously attested by any traveller from the lands of modern science, and consequently questioned by many of the learned lords and knights of the British Association—who will no doubt be surprised to find themselves instructed by a young collator of codices and stalker of crocodiles:—

I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and, noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon.

The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziczac! Ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—pp. 149-151.

Our readers may, if they please, turn back to

the Q. R. of Christmas, 1845, for the most important of Mr. Curzon's book-hunts among the monks of the Nitrian desert in Upper Egypt, as well as our own summary of their past history and present abject condition. Though the account of his discoveries in the vault and tower at Baramous was not so full as that now printed, it was picturesque and for our purposes sufficient. But his emergence from the murky and musty store of oil-vats and patristic vellum is new, and not to be omitted :—

On leaving the dark recesses of the tower I paused at the narrow door by which we had entered, both to accustom my eyes to the glare of daylight, and to look at the scene below me. I stood on the top of a steep flight of stone steps, by which the door of the tower was approached from the court of the monastery; the steps ran up the inside of the outer wall, which was of sufficient thickness to allow of a narrow terrace within the parapet; from this point I could look over the wall on the left hand upon the desert, whose dusty plains stretched out as far as I could see, in hot and dreary loneliness to the horizon. To those who are not familiar with the aspect of such a region as this, it may be well to explain that a desert such as that which now surrounded me resembles more than anything else a dusty turnpike-road in England on a hot summer's day, extended interminably both as to length and breadth. A country of low rounded hills, the surface of which is composed entirely of gravel, dust, and stones, will give a good idea of the general aspect of a desert. Yet, although parched and dreary in the extreme from their vastness and openness, there is something grand and sublime in the silence and loneliness of these burning plains; and the wandering tribes of Bedouins who inhabit them are seldom content to remain long in the narrow enclosed confines of cultivated land. There is always a fresh breeze in the desert, except when the terrible hot wind blows; and the air is more elastic and pure than where vegetation produces exhalations which in all hot climates are more or less heavy and deleterious. The air of the desert is always healthy, and no race of men enjoy a greater exemption from weakness, sickness, and disease than the children of the desert, who pass their lives in wandering to and fro in search of the scanty herbage on which their flocks are fed, far from the cares and troubles of busy cities, and free from the oppression which grinds down the half-starved cultivators of the fertile soil of Egypt.*

Whilst from my elevated position I looked out on my left upon the mighty desert, on my right how different was the scene! There below my feet lay the convent garden in all the fresh luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Tufts upon tufts of waving palms overshadowed the immense succulent leaves of the banana, which in their turn rose out of thickets of the pomegranate, rich with its bright green leaves and its blossoms of that beautiful and vivid red which is excelled by few even of the most brilliant flowers of the East. These were contrasted with the deep dark green of the caroub or locust-tree; and the yellow apples of the lotus

vied with the clusters of the green limes with their sweet white flowers, which luxuriated in a climate too hot and sultry for the golden fruit of the orange, which is not to be met with in the valley of the Nile. Flowers and fair branches exhaling rich perfume and bearing freshness in their very aspect became more beautiful from their contrast to the dreary arid plains outside the convent walls, and this great difference was owing solely to there being a well of water in this spot from which a horse or mule was constantly employed to draw the fertilizing streams which nourished the teeming vegetation of this monastic garden.

I stood gazing and moralizing at these contrasted scenes for some time; but at length, when I turned my eyes upon my companions and myself, it struck me that we also were somewhat remarkable in our way. First there was the old blind grey-bearded abbot, leaning on his staff, surrounded with three or four dark-robed Coptic monks, holding in their hands the lighted candles with which we had explored the secret recesses of the oil-cellar; there was I, dressed in the long robes of a merchant of the East, with a small book in the breast of my gown and a big one under each arm; and there were my servants armed to the teeth and laden with old books; and one and all we were so covered with dirt and wax from top to toe, that we looked more as if we had been up the chimney than like quiet people engaged in literary researches.—p. 93.

This is very good. Nor can we pass the subsequent discovery that within the strong wall of these Coptic fathers shelter had been found for the remnant of an Abyssinian brotherhood, whose own monastery far off in the desert had been sadly mauled by certain Ishmaelites, and was since fallen into utterly desperate dilapidation. Every spring these guests were recruited by one or two Abyssinian pilgrims on their way back from Jerusalem; and so for many years the little stranger community had pretty nearly kept up its original muster. His ear was suddenly invaded by the sound of a psalmody different in character from that of the Coptic choir, and accompanied by a most barbarous squeaking and grinding of hitherto unknown hurdigurdies. The story of the siege, the rapine, and the exile was told—and when the Abyssinian service was over, and the party filed out of their little chapel-of-ease in a corner of the court, an introduction took place. He says—

These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic-looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age and of a state of things the opposite to European, as these Abyssinian Eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash leather made, they told me, of gazelle-skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case, like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow

* John Abernethy used to tell his scholars that all human maladies proceed from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*. Mr. Curzon seems to agree with this theory—by which our great surgeon's own personal practice was not regulated.

wash-leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which however had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "*La danse Macabre*," known to us by the appellation of the Dance of Death. They seemed to be men who fasted much and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience's sake. It was such men as these who lived on the tops of columns, and took up their abodes in tombs, and thought it was a sign of holiness to look like a wild beast—that it was wicked to be clean, and superfluous to be useful in this world; and who did evil to themselves that good might come. Poor fellows! they meant well, and knew no better; and what more can be said for the endeavors of the best men!—pp. 94-96.

Nevertheless, these black and odoriferous men of Habesh could do what their Coptic hosts could not—"they could all read fluently out of their own books." (p. 98.) Their kitchen and refectory was also their library. All around the walls, just within arm's reach, were long wooden pegs, and on each peg hung one, two, or three of the leathern bags above mentioned, some square, some oblong, all well strapped and buckled. These contained the Service-books, Evangelisteria, and Hagiologies, which constituted the library. In the middle of the floor was a hearth, on which one brother was busy with the lentile-soup. The table was ready for dinner close by—that is, a long board or tray placed flat on the ground; pots and pans—a very few—garnished low shelves behind the cook; beneath the important pegs long spears, and also some long pipes, rested against the wall. The stranger, if introduced without preface, would have fancied himself in the guard-room of some of Mehemet Ali's irregulars, surrounded suitably with their arms, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes. But they could read, and would not sell their books; whereas the blind old abbot of the Copts, was, as previously set down, easily seduced by a second bottle of rosoglio; and so much the better, not only for Parham but for the Museum.

On his way from one of these cœnobias to another, Mr. Curzon had the good fortune to be piloted by a Mussulman cobbler, who villipended his last, addicted himself (like many of his craft here) to poetry, and possessed a considerable knowledge of history; we are favored with this very desirable specimen of his information:—

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could

speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "Oh, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we shall make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe! and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward!" Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and, making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his councillors

what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have; but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon, with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but a vulgar bird, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to

bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now when the fowls saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.—p. 152.

Mr. Curzon, having finished his first visitation of the Natron monasteries, (for he was there again in 1838,) made his way to the Red Sea, and thence, *viâ* Sinai, to Jerusalem, where he wished to be present at the grand ceremonies of Easter. He says, in reference to all this part of his travels—

In addition to the Bible, which almost sufficed us for a guide-book in these sacred regions, we had several books of travels with us, and I was struck with the superiority of old Maundrell's narrative over all the other, for he tells us plainly and clearly what he saw, whilst other travellers so encumber their narratives with opinions and disquisitions, that, instead of describing the country, they describe only what they think about it; and thus little real information as to what there was to be seen or done could be gleaned from these works, eloquent and well written as many of them are; and we continually returned to Maundrell's homely pages for a good plain account of what we wished to know.—p. 193.

The chapters on Palestine are among the best in the volume—without bigotry, without extravagance—a fair, honest picture, including several touches (to us) of novelty. In a volume dedicated mainly to a particular taste and pursuit, such as Mr. Curzon's, it would in fact have been irreverent to expatiate on the feelings that give the chief color to Lord Lindsay's touching and pathetic portraiture of the same scenery, and intermingle largely and gracefully in the corresponding chapters of "The Crescent and the Cross;" but the genuine feeling is here, and you are made to sympathize with its depth, even where the writer seems most desirous of concealing it. Of Jerusalem, he says, the inhabitants being of motley races, and tongues, and creeds, inwardly despise each other on the score of heterodoxy, but still—

As the Christians are very numerous, there reigns among the whole no small degree of complaisance, as well as an unrestrained intercourse in matters of business, amusement, and even of religion. The Mussulmans, for instance, pray in all the holy places consecrated to the memory of Christ and the Virgin, except the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, the sanctity of which they do not acknowledge, for they believe that Jesus Christ did not die, but that he

ascended alive into heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was condemned to die for him; and that, as Judas was crucified, it was his body, and not that of Jesus, which was placed in the sepulchre. It is for this reason that the Mussulmans do not perform any act of devotion at the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, and that they ridicule the Christians who visit and revere it.

The Jews—the “children of the kingdom”—have been cast out, and many have come from the east and the west to occupy their place in the desolate land promised to their fathers. Their quarter is in the narrow valley between the Temple and the foot of Mount Zion. Many are rich, but they are careful to conceal their wealth from the jealous eyes of their Mahometan rulers, lest they should be subjected to extortion.

It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner; the young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and, although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish. The house of Rabbi A—, with whom I was acquainted, answered exactly to Sir Walter Scott's description of the dwelling of Isaac of York. The outside and the court-yard indicated nothing but poverty and neglect; but on entering I was surprised at the magnificence of the furniture. One room had a silver chandelier, and a great quantity of embossed plate was displayed on the top of the polished cupboards. Some of the windows were filled with painted glass; and the members of the family, covered with gold and jewels, were seated on divans of Damascus brocade. The rabbi's little son was so covered with charms in gold cases to keep off the evil eye, that he jingled like a chime of bells when he walked along.

The Jewish religion is now so much encumbered with superstition and the extraordinary explanations of the Bible in the Talmud, that little of the original creed remains. They interpret all the words of Scripture literally, and this leads them into most absurd mistakes. On the morning of the day of the Passover I went into the synagogue under the walls of the Temple, and found it crowded to the very door; all the congregation were standing up, with large white shawls over their heads, with the fringes which they were commanded to wear by the Jewish law. They were reading the Psalms, and after I had been there a short time all the people began to hop about and to shake their heads and limbs in a most extraordinary manner; the whole congregation was in motion, from the priest, who was dancing in the reading-desk, to the porter who capered at the door. All this was in consequence of a verse in the 35th Psalm, which says, “All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?”—pp. 175-188.

Luckily for Mr. Curzon, Ibrahim Pasha, at that time in full sway over all Syria, had also the curiosity to make the pilgrimage of Jerusalem in the spring of 1834; and his courtesy afforded every facility for seeing the shows of the season to the best advantage. The portent of the holy fire was timed to suit the pasha's convenience, and he gratified Mr. Curzon with a cushion in the reserved gallery. As soon as the great Turk was comfortable in his corner, the two patriarchs, who once in the year condescend to act in the same piece, performed the miracle, and the church was instantly a scene of the most hideous tumult: hundreds of the pilgrims, from every quarter—Greek, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian—rushing pell-mell to light their lamps, with which all come provided, at the holy flame just descended from heaven at the prayer of those most reverend personages. Old Maundrell stands the test here as elsewhere. “The two miracle mongers,” quoth he, “had not been above a minute in the Holy Sepulchre when the glimmering of the holy fire was seen, or imagined to appear: and certainly Bedlam never witnessed such an unruly transport as was produced in the mob at that sight.” But though there always is great disturbance, and serious accidents have often occurred, the miracle of 1834 was followed by horrors on a scale wholly unexampled; and it is fortunate that for a scene so monstrous we have the complete and living evidence of an English gentleman:—

Soon you saw the lights increasing in all directions, every one having lit his candle from the holy flame: the chapels, the galleries, and every corner where a candle could possibly be displayed, immediately appeared to be in a blaze. The people, in their frenzy, put the bunches of lighted tapers to their faces, hands, and breasts to purify themselves from their sins. * * * The patriarch was carried out of the sepulchre in triumph, on the shoulders of the people he had deceived, amid the cries and exclamations of joy which resounded from every nook of the immense pile of buildings. As he appeared in a fainting state, I supposed that he was ill; but I found that it is the uniform custom on these occasions to feign insensibility, that the pilgrims may imagine that he is overcome with the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence they believed him to have returned.

In a short time the smoke of the candles obscured everything in the place, and I could see it rolling in great volumes out of the aperture at the top of the dome. The smell was terrible; and three unhappy wretches, overcome by heat and bad air, fell from the upper range of galleries, and were dashed to pieces on the heads of the people below. One poor Armenian lady, seventeen years of age, died where she sat, of heat, thirst, and fatigue.

After a while when he had seen all that was to be seen, Ibrahim Pasha got up and went away, his numerous guards making a line for him by main force through the dense mass of people which filled the body of the church. As the crowd was so immense, we waited for a little while, and then set out all together to return to our convent. I went first, and my friends followed me, the soldiers making way for us across the church. I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood

during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people lying one on another all about this part of the church, and as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me that they were all dead! I had not perceived this at first, for I thought they were only very much fatigued with the ceremonies, and had lain down to rest themselves there; but when I came to so great a heap of bodies I looked down at them, and saw that sharp, hard appearance of the face which is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and further on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd.

At this time there was no crowd in this part of the church; but a little further on, round the corner towards the great door, the people, who were quite panic-struck, continued to press forward, and every one was doing his utmost to escape. The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, or to get away, and all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck pilgrims appear at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger, I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavor to get back. An officer of the pasha's, who by his star was a colonel or bin bashee, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return; he caught hold of my cloak, or bournouse, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—(I afterwards found that he never rose again)—and, scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church, where I found my friends, and we succeeded in reaching the sacristy of the Catholics, and thence the room which had been assigned to us by the monks. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high. Ibrahim Pasha had left the church only a few minutes before me, and very narrowly escaped with his life; he was so pressed upon by the crowd on all sides, and it was said attacked by several of them, that it was only by the greatest exertions of his suite, several of whom were killed, that he gained the outer court. He fainted more than once in the struggle, and I was told that some of his attendants at last had to cut a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims. He remained outside, giving orders for the removal of the corpses,

and making his men drag out the bodies of those who appeared to be still alive from the heaps of the dead. He sent word to us to remain in the convent till all the bodies had been removed, and that when we could come out in safety he would again send to us.

We stayed in our room two hours before we ventured to make another attempt to escape from this scene of horror; and then, walking close together, with all our servants round us, we made a bold push, and got out of the door of the church. By this time most of the bodies were removed; but twenty or thirty were still lying in distorted attitudes at the foot of Mount Calvary; and fragments of clothes, turbans, shoes, and handkerchiefs, clotted with blood and dirt, were strewn all over the pavement.

In the court in the front of the church the sight was pitiable; mothers weeping over their children—the sons bending over the dead bodies of their fathers—and one poor woman was clinging to the hand of her husband, whose body was fearfully mangled. Most of the sufferers were pilgrims and strangers. The pasha was greatly moved by this scene of woe; and he again and again commanded his officers to give the poor people every assistance in their power, and very many by his humane efforts were rescued from death.

I was much struck by the sight of two old men with white beards, who had been seeking for each other among the dead; they met as I was passing by, and it was affecting to see them kiss and shake hands, and congratulate each other on having escaped from death.

When the bodies were removed many were discovered standing upright, quite dead; and near the church door one of the soldiers was found thus standing, with his musket shouldered, among the bodies which reached nearly as high as his head; this was in a corner near the great door on the right side as you come in. It seems that this door had been shut, so that many who stood near it were suffocated in the crowd; and when it was opened, the rush was so great that numbers were thrown down and never rose again, being trampled to death by the press behind them. The whole court before the entrance of the church was covered with bodies laid in rows, by the pasha's orders, so that their friends might find them and carry them away. As we walked home we saw numbers of people carried out, some dead, some horribly wounded and in a dying state, for they had fought with their heavy silver inkstands and daggers.—p. 214.

The description of the moaning and lamenting of the ensuing night, with the rows of dead people stretched on the pavement of the court under the traveller's window, is very striking; but we must pass on to his interview next day with Ibrahim Pasha:—

The conversation turned naturally on the blasphemous impositions of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, who, for the purposes of worldly gain, had deluded their ignorant followers with the performance of a trick in relighting the candles which had been extinguished on Good Friday with fire which they affirmed to have been sent down from heaven in answer to their prayers. The pasha was quite aware of the evident absurdity which I brought to his notice, of the performance of a Christian miracle being put off for some time, and being kept in waiting for the convenience of a Mahometan prince.

It was debated what punishment was to be awarded to the Greek patriarch for the misfortunes which had been the consequence of his jugglery, and a number of purses which he had received from the unlucky pilgrims passed into the coffers of the pasha's treasury. I was sorry that the falsity of this imposture was not publicly exposed, as it was a good opportunity of so doing. It seems wonderful that so barefaced a trick should continue to be practised every year in these enlightened times; but it has its parallel in the blood of St. Januarius, which is still liquefied whenever anything is to be gained by the exhibition of that astonishing act of priestly impertinence. If Ibrahim Pasha had been a Christian, probably this would have been the last Easter of the lighting of the holy fire; but from the fact of his religion being opposed to that of the monks, he could not follow the example of Louis XIV., who having put a stop to some clumsy imposition which was at that time bringing scandal on the church, a paper was found nailed upon the door of the sacred edifice the day afterwards, on which the words were read—

De part du roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

The interference of a Mahometan in such a case as this would only have been held as another persecution of the Christians; and the miracle of the holy fire has continued to be exhibited every year with great applause, and luckily without the unfortunate results which accompanied it on this occasion.—p. 224.

Mr. Curzon's colloquy with the pasha touching the annual manifestation of holy fire will not, we suppose, excite any very grave criticism among our still adhesive presbyters of the Littlemore persuasion; for the Oriental churches being, like our own, in a state of schism, the gift of miracles may be fairly supposed to have passed from their succession also. But his allusion to the affair of St. Januarius at Naples must, we apprehend, expose our author to severe animadversion; and indeed, if he has ever indulged in any ambition of representing his Alma Mater in the house of commons, we need hardly hesitate to advise the immediate abandonment of such aspirations. He would at all events have to encounter the steadiest hostility of that section of academicians who approved of the *Lives of the English Saints*, and are now enjoying with edification the "Letters and Journals" of the reverend gentleman who describes himself on his title-page as "John Thomas Allies, A. M., Rector of Launton, Oxon;*" for this rector—besides an elaborate argument for the celibacy of the clergy and the reinstitution of monastic bodies among ourselves, accompanied with very dolorous lamentations over the helplessness under which our condition must continue until we shall have resumed the practice of invoking the intercession of the saints, and formally reunited ourselves to the successor of St. Peter—is at all due pains to exhibit not only his own entire belief, but that of his two fellow-travellers, (both also clergymen in English orders,) in those very recent miracles of the Sister Ecstatica and the Sister Adoloranta, the previous attestation whereof by "an

enlightened Roman Catholic nobleman of our age" had surprised the judicial understanding of the Plutarch of the lord chancellors; nay, Mr. Allies and his friends appear to vouch with equal confidence for two miraculous cures, effected in the summer of 1848 at Paris, which city they revisited very soon afterwards: namely, the instant recovery of sight by one female, and the instant removal of a distortion in the spine, which had made another during several years a miserable bed-ridden cripple, in virtue of the intercession of St. Vincent de Paul, on his anniversary festival, with the aid, in one of the cases, of a thread from the vestment of that saint swallowed in a glass of water.* If, as these pious writers evidently believe, the gift of miracles was granted forever to the church Catholic, how can they hesitate to act upon the corollary that no ecclesiastical body which neither exercises that gift nor claims it can be a living member of the church Catholic? Upon what principle can such men consent to eat the bread of the Anglican church A. D. 1849? Upon what principle, if there be any such thing as discipline in our system, are they allowed to eat it? We cannot answer these questions; but we think we may answer for their indignation at Mr. Curzon's scepticism in *re Sancti Januarii*—as also at the satisfaction wherewith he reports that the Greek priests, "like Protestants," always speak of the *holy table*, (*ἅγια τραπεζα*.) never of the altar!

We beg pardon for this digression. Let us change the scene. Being at Corfu one October, our author conceived a strong desire to beat for his favorite game among the monastic coverts of the adjoining mainland; and though the accomplished officers of the garrison, who had no doubt that his object was snipe-shooting, advised him to restrain his propensities, inasmuch as some "revolution, or rebellion, or general election, or something of the sort, was going on," and robbery and murder must be more than commonly in fashion, the enthusiastic sportsman would persist. For which he thus renders his reason:—

The Albanians are great dandies about their arms; the scabbard of their yataghan, and the stocks of their pistols, are almost always of silver, as well as their three or four little cartridge-boxes, which are frequently gilt, and sometimes set with garnets and coral; an Albanian is therefore worth shooting, even if he is not of another way of thinking from the gentleman who shoots him. As I understood, however, that they did not shoot so much at Franks because they usually have little about them worth taking, and are not good to eat, I conceived that I should not run any great risk; and I resolved, therefore, not to be thwarted in my intention of exploring some of the monasteries of that country. There is another reason also why Franks are seldom molested in the east—every Arab or Albanian knows that if a Frank has a gun in his hand, which he generally has, there are two probabilities, amounting almost to certainties, with respect to that weapon. One is, that it is loaded; and the other, that if the trigger is pulled,

* Madame de Sevigny, who knew this saint well, says, on hearing of his death, that he was an agreeable man—only he cheated at cards.

there is a considerable chance of its going off. Now these are circumstances which apply in a much slighter degree to the magazine of small arms which he carries about his own person. But, beyond all this, when a Frank is shot there is such a disturbance made about it! Consuls write letters—pashas are stirred up—guards, kawasses, and tatars gallop like mad about the country, and fire pistols in the air, and live at free quarters in the villages; the murderer is sought for everywhere, and he, or somebody else, is hanged to please the consul; in addition to which the population are beaten with thick sticks *ad libitum*. All this is extremely disagreeable, and therefore we are seldom shot at, the pastime being too dearly paid for.

The last Frank whom I heard of as having been killed in Albania was a German, who was studying botany. He rejoiced in a blue coat and brass buttons, and wandered about alone, picking up herbs and flowers on the mountains, which he put carefully into a tin box. He continued unmolested for some time, the universal opinion being that he was a powerful magician, and that the herbs he was always gathering would enable him to wither up his enemies by some dreadful charm, and also to detect every danger which menaced him. Two or three Albanians had watched him for several days, hiding themselves carefully behind the rocks whenever the philosopher turned towards them; and at last one of the gang, commending himself to all the saints, rested his long gun upon a stone and shot the German through the body. The poor man rolled over, but the Albanian did not venture from his hiding-place until he had loaded his gun again, and then, after sundry precautions, he came out, keeping his eye upon the body, and with his friends behind him, to defend him in case of need. The botanizer, however, was dead enough, and the disappointment of the Albanians was extreme when they found that his buttons were not gold, for it was the supposed value of these ornaments that had incited them to the deed.—p. 238.

The stanch book-hunter, therefore, proceeded, and the excursion appears to have been more fruitful of adventures, though not of folios, than any other in his tablets. Of the lighter variety of his experiences we can afford only one small glimpse; scene, Paramathia:—

On inquiring for the person to whom I had a letter of introduction, I found he was a shopkeeper who sold cloth in the bazaar. We accordingly went to his shop and found him sitting among his merchandise. When he had read the letter he was very civil, and shutting up his shop, walked on before us to show me the way to his house. It was a very good one, and the best room was immediately given up to me, two old ladies and three or four young ones being turned out in a most summary manner. One or two of the girls were very pretty, and they all vied with each other in their attentions to their guest, looking at me with great curiosity, and perpetually peeping at me through the curtain which hung over the door, and running away when they thought they were observed.

The prettiest of these damsels had only been married a short time; who her husband was, or where he lived, I could not make out, but she amused me by her anxiety to display her smart new clothes. She went and put on a new capote, a sort of white frock coat, without sleeves, embroidered in bright colors down the seams, which showed her figure to advantage: and then she took it off again,

and put on another garment, giving me ample opportunity of admiring its effect. I expressed my surprise and admiration in bad Greek, which, however, the fair Albanian appeared to find no difficulty in understanding. She kindly corrected some of my sentences, and I have no doubt I should have improved rapidly under her care, if she had not always run away whenever she heard any one creaking about on the rickety boards of the anteroom and staircase. The other ladies, who were settling themselves in a large gaunt room close by, kept up an interminable clatter, and displayed such unbounded powers of conversation, that it seemed impossible that any one of them could hear what all the others said; till at last the master of the house came up again, and then there was a lull.—p. 243.

His intercourse with the Patriots, or Klephts, was frequent, and is described with special liveliness. We again confine ourselves to one specimen. Mahomed Pasha, Vizier of Janina, gave him a circular of recommendation to the chief persons in all towns of the interior. Entering Messovo, understood to be a place of steady loyalty, the hatred and terror of the new Anti-Turklaw League, he cantered confidently up the street till he reached a considerable company of the aristocracy seated with their pipes under an awning by a fountain, and, producing the pasha's document, requested to be informed of the name and whereabouts of "the chief person in this town." A most portly gentleman, splendidly clad in red velvet, and with a bazaar of beautiful daggers and pistols about his belts, took the rescript with polite alacrity, and, having read it, asked the others with a condescending smile if there could be a doubt that he was the right man: to which receiving the expected answer, he immediately tore off a scrap of the vizier's paper, scribbled thereupon some Romaic hieroglyphics, and, handing it back, bade him go on and prosper; the Milordos Inglesis need only give that billet to the first soldiers he met at the foot of Mount Pindus, and a sufficient number of them would at once constitute themselves a guard for his excellency's protection, and see him safe to the famous monasteries of Meteora. Thus fortified Milordos pursued his journey for a few hours among rough hills and thick box-groves:—

This path continued for some distance until we came to a place where there was a ledge so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. Here, as I was riding quietly along, I heard an exclamation in front of "Robbers! robbers!" and sure enough, out of one of the thickets of box-trees there advanced three or four bright gun-barrels, which were speedily followed by some gentlemen in dirty white jackets and fustanellas; who, in a short and abrupt style of eloquence, commanded us to stand. This of course we were obliged to do; and as I was getting out my pistol, one of the individuals in white presented his gun at me, and upon my looking round to see whether my tall Albanian servant was preparing to support me, I saw *him* quietly half-cock his gun and sling it back over his shoulder, at the same time shaking his head as much as to say, "It is no use resisting; we are caught; there are too many of them." So I bolted the locks of the four barrels of my pistol carefully, hoping that the bolts would form an impediment to my being shot with

my own weapon after I had been robbed of it. The place was so narrow that there were no hopes of running away, and there we sat on horseback, looking silly enough I dare say. There was a good deal of talking and chattering among the robbers, and they asked the Albanian various questions, to which I paid no attention, all my faculties being engrossed in watching the proceedings of the party in front, who were examining the effects in the panniers of the baggage-mule. First they pulled out my bag of clothes, and threw it upon the ground; then out came the sugar and the coffee, and whatever else there was. Some of the men had hold of the poor muleteer, and a loud argument was going on between him and the captors. I did not like all this, but my rage was excited to a violent pitch when I saw one man appropriating to his own use the half of a certain fat tender cold fowl, whereof I had eaten the other half with much appetite and satisfaction. "Let that fowl alone, you scoundrel!" said I in good English; "put it down, will you? if you don't, I'll —!" The man, surprised at this address in an unknown tongue, put down the fowl, and looked up with wonder at the explosion of ire which his actions had called forth. "That is right," said I, "my good fellow; it is too good for such a dirty brute as you." "Let us see," said I to the Albanian, "if there is nothing to be done; say I am the King of England's uncle, or grandson, or particular friend, and that if we are hurt or robbed he will send all manner of ships and armies, and hang everybody, and cut off the heads of all the rest. Talk big, O man! and don't spare great words; they cost nothing, and let us see what that will do."

We are sorry not to quote the rest of the story. By and bye he was told they would carry him before their immediate superior—and he was led through a wilderness of ravines to a little encampment on Mount Pindus. The commanding officer here was at first sulky enough—but when he had at last contrived to make out the Messo-vo scrap, things instantly put on a new face. All was civility—a comfortable supper, plenty of wine, and assurance of a stout guard for the morrow. He had supposed the stranger to be one of those mean-spirited Franks who approved of the Grand Turk, and consorted with the tyrant of Janina—but since it was a friend of his own general, whatever the Patriot Klephts could do for Milordos was heartily at his service. The general of the insurgents, the reader sees, was no other than the dignitary in red velvet, who had answered to the character of "chief person in Messo-vo." He was a good-natured rebel, and liked a joke, and to his humorous turn Mr. Curzon owed the only scrap of penmanship that could have been of any use to him at that epoch anywhere near Mount Pindus. The captain obeyed the general, the detachment obeyed the captain, and he was conducted with honesty and decorum to the extraordinary valley from which the convent-capped cliffs of Meteora arise like so many towers, or, in some cases, chimneys. On his return, it is pleasant to find that he of the red velvet had become, by a sudden conversion in politics, reconciled to the vizier, and was now *de jure* as well as *de facto* the chief person in Messo-vo. The Turkish govern-

ment had, moreover, been favored with his bill for the expenses of his insurrection; and the section of the population that had fought and bled, and been burnt out and plundered, in defence of the sultan and the pasha, were grumbling over a tax imposed upon them for the defraying of the said bill; which, in the comparatively unenlightened time of Viscount Melbourne, seemed strange work in the eyes of a young Milordos. But we all get wiser as we advance in life. And now for the most singular scenery into which his yet rebellious Klephts had escorted him—the holy vale and rocks of Meteora:—

The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters; some stand alone like obelisks: nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen either before or since. In Switzerland, Saxony, the Tyrol, or any other mountainous region where I have been, there is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks.

At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them; whilst others are below the surface; and the anchorites who burrowed in them, like rabbits, frequently afforded excellent sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed, hermit-hunting seems to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescos, and in small, stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we see many frightful representations of men on horseback in Roman armor, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees. In these pictures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these I take it were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek Church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio of beauty. All Greek saints are painfully ugly, but the hermits are much uglier, dirtier, and older than the rest; they must have been very fusty people besides, eating roots, and living in holes like rats and mice. It is difficult to understand by what process of reasoning they could have persuaded themselves that, by living in this useless, inactive way, they were leading holy lives. They wore out the rocks with their knees in prayer; the cliffs resounded with their groans; sometimes they banged their breasts with a big stone, for a change; and some wore chains and iron girdles round their emaciated forms; but they did nothing to benefit their kind. Still there is something grand in the strength and constancy of their faith. They left their homes and riches and the pleasures of this world, to retire to these dens and caves of the earth,

to be subjected to cold and hunger, pain and death, that they might do honor to their God, after their own fashion, and trusting that, by mortifying the body in this world they should gain happiness for the soul in the world to come; and therefore peace be with their memory!

On the tops of these rocks in different directions there remain seven monasteries out of twenty-four which once crowned their airy heights. How anything except a bird was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance on the pinnacle of a rock was more than we could divine; but the mystery was soon solved. Winding our way upwards, among a labyrinth of smaller rocks and cliffs, by a romantic path which afforded us from time to time beautiful views of the green vale below us, we at length found ourselves on an elevated platform of rock, which I may compare to the flat roof of a church; while the monastery of Barlaam stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock, like the tower of this church. Here we fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places; and we all strained our necks in looking up at the monastery to see whether any answer would be made to our call. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down to us like the cry of a bird; and we saw the face and gray beard of an old monk some hundred feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. He asked us who we were, and what we wanted, and so forth; to which we replied, that we were travellers, harmless people, who wished to be admitted into the monastery to stay the night; that we had come all the way from Corfu to see the wonders of Meteora, and, as it was now getting late, we appealed to his feelings of hospitality and Christian benevolence. "Who are those with you?" said he. "Oh! most respectable people," we answered; "gentlemen of our acquaintance, who have come with us across the mountains from Mezzovo."

The appearance of our escort did not please the monk, and we feared that he would not admit us into the monastery; but at length he let down a thin cord, to which I attached a letter of introduction which I had brought from Corfu; and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end—to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood the net was spread open; my two servants sat down upon it; and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. The rope was old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 222 feet. When they reached the top I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning-crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous, that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a rickety wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this point the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up three or four of them very soon: but coming to

one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other; and here I unluckily looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage and hold on; and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauled up by the rope. * * * I forthwith made myself at home, and took a stroll among the courts and gardens of the monastery while dinner or supper, whichever it might be called, was getting ready. I soon stumbled upon the Agoumenos (the lord abbot) of this aerial monastery, and we prowled about together, peeping into rooms, visiting the church, and poking about until it began to get dark; and then I asked him to dinner in his own room; but he could eat no meat, so I ate the more myself, and he made up for it by other savory messes, cooked partly by my servants and partly by the monks. He was an oldish man. He did not dislike sherry, though he preferred rosoglio, of which I always carried a few bottles with me in my monastic excursions. The abbot and I, and another holy father, fraternized, and slapped each other on the back, till it was time to go to bed; when the two venerable monks gave me their blessing and stumbled out of the room; and in a marvellously short space of time I was sound asleep.—p. 286.

In this convent of Barlaam (not Balaam) he admired the kitchen, perched on the very edge of the precipice, square in its plan, with a steep roof of stone, the centre thereof open to the sky. Within, upon a square platform of stone, rested four huge pillars, supporting the roof. This platform was the hearth where the fire blazed, while smaller fires of charcoal could be lit upon stone dressers all round the wall, so that the whole building was chimney and fireplace; and it occurred to him to wonder how, when a great dinner was in hand for a feast-day, the cooks could escape being roasted, as well as the lambs, pigs, and turkeys. The kitchen at Glastonbury is somewhat like this, but cannot pretend to its antiquity. In the course of the second evening, after another episode of sweet drams and clapping on the back, the Agoumenos and the Milordos adjourned privately to the library, and two Codices, both of the Gospels—one, a large quarto, richly ornamented with miniatures, the other a small one, in gold semi-uncials on purple vellum, with the original binding of silver filigree, and which had once probably been the pocket volume of some Palæologus or Comnenus, were secured for the library at Parham, in consideration of certain pieces of yellow dross, which the worthy abbot "seemed to pocket with the sincerest satisfaction," and of which there is no particular reason to suppose that he ever made any mention

to the rest of the community. "Never" (says Mr. C.) "was any one more welcome to his money, though I left but little to pay my expenses back to Corfu. Such books would be treasures in the finest national collection in Europe." In some of the other nests near St. Barlaam, he was lucky enough to make further acquisitions, but still he contrived to get back in honor and credit to the mess-table at Corfu, where without question he found hearty sympathy in respect of the exquisite semi-uncials, the purple vellum, the tri-color miniatures, and the Palæological filagree.

We must make a brave skip from 1835 to 1837, and from Meteora to Mount Athos. In starting for this, among the last of his Levantine battues, Mr. Curzon had uncommon advantages. He had been passing some weeks at Constantinople as the guest of Lord Ponsonby, and, merely as the English ambassador's friend, might well have counted on the patronage of the Byzantine patriarch; but he was moreover provided with a letter from Archbishop Howley.

When we had smoked our pipes for a while, and all the servants had gone away, I presented the letter. It was received in due form; and read aloud to the patriarch, first in English and then translated into Greek. "And who," quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople, "who is this archbishop?" "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Archbishop of *what*?" said the patriarch. "*Canterbury*," said I. "Oh," said the patriarch. "Ah! yes! and who is he?" Here all my English friends and myself were taken aback sadly; we had not imagined that the high priest before us could be ignorant of such a matter as the one in question. The Patriarch of the Greek Church, the successor of Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, and the heresiarch Nestorius, seemed not to be aware that there were any other denominations of Christians besides those of his own church and the Church of Rome. But the fact is that the Patriarch of Constantinople is merely the puppet of an intriguing faction of the Greek bankers and usurers of the Fanar, who select for the office some man of straw whom they feel secure they can rule, and whose appointment they obtain by a heavy bribe paid to the sultan; for the head of the Christian church is appointed by the Mahomedan Emperor!

We explained, and said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a man eminent for his great learning and his Christian virtues; that he was the primate and chief of the great reformed Church of England, and a personage of such high degree that he ranked next to the blood-royal; that from time immemorial the Archbishop of Canterbury was the great dignitary who placed the crown upon the head of our kings—those kings whose power swayed the destinies of Europe and of the world; and that this present archbishop and primate had himself placed the crown upon the head of King William IV., and that he would also soon crown our young queen. "Well," replied the patriarch, "but how is that? how can it happen that the head of your church is only an archbishop? whereas I, the patriarch, command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries of the church! How can these things be? I cannot write an answer to the letter of the Arch-

bishop of—of—" "Of Canterbury," said I. "Yes! of Canterbury; for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy; but as you come from the British embassy I will give my letters, which will ensure your reception into every monastery which acknowledges the supremacy of the *orthodox* faith of the Patriarch of Constantinople."

In a few days the patriarchal firman was received, and the fees thereon duly discharged. With this authoritative epistle* in his hands, Mr. Curzon (having safely weathered sundry squalls and outsailed one or two supposed pirates) arrived amongst the marvels of the holy peninsula, and visited in succession all its monasteries, save one, renowned for its figs, but supposed to have lost long before all its precious vellums. These establishments are in number twenty-one—and of all sizes; in some, he found one hundred monks, with accommodation for as many more; but half of the brethren are usually absent on agricultural duty, located for the time in outlying *cells*—that is, comfortable little farm-houses among the glens of the inner region; others are of comparatively small consequence, the whole fraternity not exceeding perhaps a dozen, besides the *agoumenos*. All or most are still well endowed, and in fair condition, despite innumerable heavy blows and great discouragements in former ages of the Turkocracy; and though severely injured and plundered, many of them, but yesterday during the wars of the Greek revolution, when the Christian patriots were not very particular as to their selection of spots on the Ottoman seaboard for a foray—nor the Ottoman soldiers in distinguishing between Greek rebels and Greek victims of the license of rebellion. The scenery is most charming. Mr. Curzon lingers with fond memory over the "rocks of white marble" garnished with shrubs and flowers, the sight of which would make Mr. Paxton gape and Mrs. Lawrence sigh—the gorgeous woods—the majestic central peak, which would not, he thinks, have been improved by being hewn into an image of Alexander the Great. This paradise of monks includes some tracts of very rich soil. Their farms yield good revenues; they are active timber-merchants, and supply quantities of corn, fruit, oil, and beef to the Constantinople markets. Neither

* "To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of the Holy Mountain, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other Sacred Convents, our beloved Sons. We, Gregorios, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, &c. &c. &c. Peace be to you. The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Honorable Robert Curzon, of a noble English family, recommended to us by most worthy and much-honored persons, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connection with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all: and we order that you not only receive him with every esteem and hospitality, but give him precise and clear explanations to all his interrogations relative to his philological examinations, obliging yourselves, and lending yourselves, in a manner not only fully to satisfy and content him, but so that he shall approve of and praise your conduct. This we desire and require to be executed, rewarding you with the Divine and with Our Blessing.

butcher-meat nor smoking is allowed within the sacred region, but in some of the colleges the fish-dinner seems almost to rival Greenwich, and Mr. Curzon speaks with awful admiration of their wine-cellar—he “never saw such tuns except at Heidelberg.” In several the libraries are still considerable, but the sprinkling of anything but Byzantine divinity is small in the best of them. Only one of the heads of houses seems to have impressed Mr. Curzon as a man of any pretensions to learning, but several were well-bred, gentlemanlike Amphytrions. Among the Fellows he found three or four of some attainments; one could speak French, one German, several a sort of Italian—the effects of housing now and then foreign wanderers who relished the fish-pot and swallowed the vows. Where the abbot was also librarian, or had the officer so designated in his special confidence, Mr. Curzon found little difficulty about buying such books as smit his fancy. In general, when such transactions must take place with the concurrence of the brotherhood at large, it was hopeless to deal—their childish ignorance and extravagant expectations baffled the Frank. He brought away two saddle-bags and a trunk well stuffed with literary prizes, for the enumeration and laudation of which we have not at present room, and also some few pieces (for one or two of the heads were over tempted) of church-plate—goblets and patères of rare Byzantine workmanship, probably among the oldest articles of the class now in existence. But his mouth watered in vain at the sight of the grandest, and, of course, most celebrated objects—things too sure to be missed and inquired about—for example, the “glorious triptic” at St. Laura—pure gold, eighteen inches high—set over externally “with emeralds, pearls and rubies as large as sixpences, and a double row of diamonds—the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen;” in the interior “wholly covered with engraved figures of saints which were full of precious stones”—altogether “a superb work of art,” and the undoubted gift of the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, the founder of the monastery. This great convent has two churches, besides separate chapels. The architecture is like that of the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and twelfth centuries—that Byzantine of which St. Marc’s at Venice is the finest specimen in the West; but he thought the resemblance was still closer to the chapel in the ancient palace at Palermo. There are, however, few mosaics on Mount Athos, the churches and chapels depending for decoration on fresco paintings of the Saints and the Last Judgment. This last emblazons every porch, or Galilee, in the peninsula:—

In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncountness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescos, are a very hard-favored set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the ex-

pression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards: some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that, except for the honor of the thing, they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same, and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of these ancient Greek frescos. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe; but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalized when they saw me smile.

Mr. Curzon here adds a note showing that, however Franks may smile, one of these pictures was really the cause of a whole nation’s embracing Christianity:—

Bogoris, King of Bulgaria, having written to Constantinople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts in those days being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and, by the advice of the king’s sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before whilst in captivity at Constantinople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event the Patriarch of Constantinople despatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptized the king by the name of Michael, in the year 865. Before long his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.—p. 365.*

We noticed, near the beginning of our paper, the most remarkable peculiarity about the art of

* We may observe that in some of the grandest churches of Rome, two or three years ago, we saw many new pictures of Purgatory, with every horror that red and black daubing could represent, stuck up in conspicuous places, with placards inviting relations, friends, and all benevolent Christians, to subscribe liberally for masses to hasten the day of deliverance.

the Greek Church. It is to be regretted that Mr. Curzon had not read, before he published his volume, the very instructive and curious work of MM. Dindron and Durand: "De l'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque et Latine," (Paris, 1845.) It includes a translation of a Byzantine treatise, *'Ερμηνεία τῆς Ζωογραφικῆς*, which Father Joasaph, a monk of Athos, and the chief artist of that peninsula, communicated in 1839 to M. Dindron, on finding the Frenchman astonished with the rapidity of his pencil in the decoration of a new church for the convent of St. Esphigmenou, and the exactness with which he was reproducing the usual type of every saint in the calendar. In this work, which begins with quoting the Nicæan Canon—"Art belongs to the painter of Holy Objects, but not Invention"—M. Dindron found the code so familiar to Joasaph's memory that he but rarely had occasion to reopen its page. Here not only is the length of nose, and lip, and brow for every particular prophet and martyr set down, with the tint of hair, the arrangement of robes to the smallest fold, and the text of the Bible to be inscribed on his skirt, but the rule is equally precise for the proportions and color of the ass of Balaam, the cock of Peter, the whale of Jonah, the apes and peacocks of Solomon, and every animal in holy writ. M. Dindron dwells on the apple of Eve—always the same, not only in the thousand chapels of Athos—(churches, chapels and oratories together considerably exceed that number)—but wherever the mosaic or fresco has been executed under the authority of the Greek Church—for he had studied well the parallel illustrations of the West, and knew that in the old churches of Burgundy and Champagne our first mother is usually tempted by a cluster of grapes; in those of Provence, &c., by an orange; while in Normandy and Picardy, it is the common apple of those districts;—and that the same sort of variation runs through Spain and Italy, unless in particular places where Byzantine artists had set the early copy. Whenever the decorator of a Greek church has put his name to his work, it is not as *painter* that he designates himself, but as *historizer*—as in one splendid example at Salamis, date 1755: *Ἱστορίθη ὁ θεὸς καὶ πανσέπτος ναὸς τῆτος διὰ χειρὸς Γεωργίου Μιχαὴλ ἐκ πόλεως Ἀργῆ καὶ τῶν μαθητῶν αὐτοῦ Νικολάου καὶ Ἀντωνίου*.—*Iconographie*, p. xiii. M. Dindron adds that the intelligence of Father Joasaph surprised and delighted him. We are sorry that Mr. Curzon did not make acquaintance with this superior specimen of the recluses.

The convent of St. Laura is the second in magnitude—and it is a rich house every way: but in its cookery, we are sorry to add, the schismatical taint is marked:—

I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small

and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless I slept well on my divan, and at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library. The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything. "But, first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest, I shall prepare it with my own hands; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons." "Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing;" and the fresh mountain-air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. "This," said he, producing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, "is the principal and most savory part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese"—it seemed to be of the white acid kind called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers—"and now it is completed!" He stirred the savory mess with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma not to be described. "Now," said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much-respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library, and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, you will not meet with everywhere."

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburghe Club forever and ever. "My lord," said I, "it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit it, though the odor certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savor! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!" continued I; "for behold, I am unworthy of anything so good." "Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the agoumenos, "no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples; but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honored friend, and eat it; eat it all, and then we will go into the library." He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other; and in desperation I took a gulp; the recollection of it still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility; not all my ardor in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My ser-

vant saved me at last; he said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I would like it very much, later in the day." The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church.* "I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church." So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladlefull stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices.—p. 369.

There were two small rooms full of books, and they were disposed in tolerable order on their shelves—but the dust had not been disturbed for many years, and almost blinded the intruder. He counted them, however, and indeed spent several days among them. There were, he says, full 5000 volumes; the largest collection extant on Mount Athos. Some 4000 are printed books, including several fine Aldine classics and the Editio Princeps of the Anthologia in capital letters. Of the 900 or 1000 MSS., 600 were on paper—all theology save four, viz., the Iliad, Hesiod, and two on botany, "probably the works of Dioscorides, and not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days—large thick quartos." Among 300 MSS. on vellum was one Evangelisterium, of the ninth century—a splendid tome; about 50 gospels, of the eleventh and twelfth; many huge folios of St. Chrysostom, &c., equally ancient. "Not one leaf of a classic author on vellum."

At St. Laura nothing could be done in the way of bargain—the monks were too many, or the abbot too honest. At Pantocratoras—a small house—there would probably have been no objection to treat; but when now, after years of forgetfulness, the principal explored his book-tower, behold all the volumes and rolls had been piled in a heap together at the bottom during some alarm of the Philhellenic war, and the Turkish cannon having injured the roof, and no repair of a mere library having been thought of, the rain had by this time reduced the whole collection of paper and vellum to one black layer of stinking paste. Another of the smaller convents, with an autocratic abbot, is that of Caracalla.

The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old-fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now and then, I stumbled upon a manuscript; of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written in small

square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the volume to which this leaf belonged. As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at St. Laura, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value. "Certainly!" said the agoumenos, "what do you want it for?" My servant suggested that, perhaps it might be useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home. "Oh!" said the agoumenos, "take some more;" and, without more ado, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the Acts and Epistles, and drawing out a knife cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the Apocalypse, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the Acts; it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the *tomeicide* for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt; so I pocketed the Apocalypse.

At the monastery of St. Paul Mr. Curzon made the rarest of all his acquisitions. This house was founded by an old hospodar of Wallachia, and its Servian and Bulgarian MSS. amounted to 250, some of them most curious. One copy of the Gospels was from beginning to end a perfect blaze of illuminations.

I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of St. Paul. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. "Oh! by all means!" he said; "we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one." We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, "If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases me;" and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also: so I took other two copies of the Gospels, all three as free-will gifts. I felt ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing that they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not salable in the bazaar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighboring city? However, before I went away, as a salvo to my conscience, I gave some money to the church.—p. 424.

One of the last convents visited was Simopetra. A monk who had just arrived from one of the farms could speak a little Italian, and was deputed to dine with Milordos.

* A board and a hammer served these schismatics for a bell.

He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favorable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation further, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk; whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.—p. 428.

From this spinny no bag reported. At the next, Coutloumoussi, the wallet opened and closed on several rich morsels—especially a matchless folio of St. Chrysostom—"who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading; a tedious custom which they have long since given up by general consent."—(p. 430.)

In leaving this singular peninsula, still so rich in monuments of the piety and munificence of the Byzantine Cæsars, we must lay our hands on one paragraph more from Mr. Curzon's Introduction:

The bodies of the Byzantine emperors were enclosed in sarcophagi of precious marbles, which were usually deposited in chapels erected for the purpose—a custom which has been imitated by the sultans of Turkey. Of all these magnificent sarcophagi and chapels or mausoleums where the remains of the imperial families were deposited, only

one remains intact: every one but this has been violated, destroyed, or carried away; the ashes of the Cæsars have been scattered to the winds. This is now known by the name of the chapel of St. Nazario e Celso, at Ravenna; it was built by Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius; she died at Rome in 440, but her body was removed to Ravenna and deposited in a sarcophagus in this chapel in the same place are two other sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Constantius, the second husband of Galla Placidia, and the other holding the body of her son Valentinian III. These tombs have never been disturbed, and are the only ones which remain intact of the entire line of the Cæsars, either of the Eastern or Western empires.—p. 27.

Our readers will hardly quarrel with the extent of our quotations, but we may as well confess that one main temptation was the pure, unaffected English of the book. In many respects the largely foreign training of the young men of rank in these our later days has produced serious evils. We ascribe to this cause, in no trivial measure, the melancholy aspect of our domestic politics. The old national spirit was essentially blended with the old national taste. The results in our literature have been equally marked, and in their place and degree are equally to be regretted. It is very much to the credit of our younger aristocracy that so many of them have aspired to distinction by the use of the pen; but how few of these have escaped the foreign tinge—how few feel it as their peculiar duty to guard uncontaminated the proud inheritance of the native speech! Lord Brougham does not fall within our category; but, exercising as he does a command over the resources of French diction that astonishes French people, what an example he sets of stern and rigid rejection of all outlandish embroidery when he unfolds his plain strong web of the vernacular! Lord Mahon too is rather of older standing than the class we alluded to; but in him they see a master of French style, who is so severely native in his English that he has sometimes been sneered at, by such critics as such an author may accept placidly, as a *Purist*. We were delighted to see Mr. Curzon following these worthy examples. Few, of his years, have been greater travellers, and there is not one foreign word used in his volume when an English one was at his service.

A new book of another kind, which also from internal evidence must have been written by a person constantly mingling in the highest English society, reaches us when this sheet is in the press, and the rest of our pages are all bespoken; otherwise on many accounts, but especially because it is another instance of manly, unpolluted English, we should have much wished to make it the subject of a separate article in this number. That is now impossible, but we beg to call our readers' attention, in case the novel has not come in their way, to "*Rockingham, or the Younger Brother.*" We think the writer has made two serious mistakes—first, in selecting for his main subject the very painful one of fraternal rivalry in love; secondly, what is moreover very bad in an artistical

point of view, in having introduced about the middle certain "Fragments" of a second tragedy on exactly the same unhappy theme. But the work abounds in interest—and, indeed, we should be at a loss to name another recent novel that shows anything like the same power of painting strong passion—or rather we should say the strong passion of gentle natures, and this too under all the habitual restraints of education, principle, and self-control. It was, however, the beautifully pure English that we especially desired to dwell upon, and that is the more noticeable because the *episode* above condemned is wholly in French; and, as we say on far higher authority than our own, such French as was never before published by an Englishman. In Lord Brougham's French writings, in Lord Mahon's, and also in Mr. Beckford's, it was, we believe, the judgment of Paris, that, extraordinary as their correctness was, a native eye could not fail to detect some mixture of the French of different epochs. How could it be otherwise, we may well ask. But so much the more wonder if, as we are assured, it is the fact that the miniature romance framed into "Rockingham" is as completely in the best French of the present time as the bulk of the work is in its best English.

The history of the patch we conjecture to have been this. The author originally designed a French novel on the full scale—perhaps he finished it. He by and bye saw reason to think that he could bring out his general conception better with the use of English manners—and, *dominus utriusque lingue*, penned *Rockingham*, interweaving much matter from the discarded *Royalmont*. When he had done, he found he had been forced to omit some of the best scenes of the French piece. No skill could amalgamate those plums with the new pudding—so he served up as a side dish a few slices of the old one. And we sympathize with his reluctance to throw away altogether such passages as Marie Antoinette's ball at Versailles, and the execution of the too tender Marquise de Royalmont—in truth we think them even better than the best in the loves of his English "younger brother," and his (of course quite correct) English Marchioness.

From the Examiner, 2 June.

THE NEW IMPERIAL CONSTITUTION FOR GERMANY.

ALL Central Europe is in suspense to see what the King of Prussia will do. What he decides upon at this moment is almost more important than the march of Russian armies or the success of French intervention. It is no secret that the Prussian king has been coquetting with the constitutional party; and that he has allowed it to be known as his sentiment, that his present ministry, whom he employs as instruments of coercion, are far from being the statesmen of his taste and choice. But the constitutionalists refused to do the work of coercion; and unfortunately that work

has not yet been completed. Prussia indeed is quiet, but Germany is disturbed; and from Düsseldorf all round in a circle to Munich, insurrection, if not republicanism, triumphs.

To deal with this state of things, the King of Prussia has two sets of advisers. The one consists of the absolutists, who would have him march his armies, at all hazard, to put down insurrection in the Palatinate, in Baden, and Wurtemberg, and even in Bavaria. The monarch hesitates. The task is serious, the region in insurrection vast, the population numerous, and a defeat would risk his crown. What is to gain, moreover, by treading South Germany under the bayonets of his soldiers? He thereby breaks into the liberal party, affronts the popular sentiment of Germany, and does the dirty work of absolutism without remuneration.

His other advisers are the constitutional party, who recommend the king not only to reestablish the constitution in his own dominions, but to *oc-troyer* a liberal one for all Germany, a constitution in accordance with the spirit of the age and the requirements of the people, and one that would convey to himself the supreme command of the German empire, even though the name of emperor did not at first appear. The man who chiefly presses this bold counsel on the king is one of the ablest men in Germany, Von Radowitz, chief of the *right* or conservative party in the Parliament of Frankfort; a statesman who entered that assembly an absolutist, but who has left it a fanatic constitutionalist, though of the Chateaubriand school. Von Radowitz, however, more inclined by nature to absolutism and to Austria, sees that neither will do; that the spirit of constitutionalism must be propitiated; and he strongly advises the King of Prussia to be its champion and promulgator. In this Von Radowitz is joined by the leading men in Germany, by Gagern, by Camphausen, who all insist that without such a change of policy in the king, Germany must become, as Bonaparte declared it would, either republican or Cossack. Even if Russian troops should succeed (a matter next to impossible) in putting down the present movement in Southern Germany, the mere fact of that suppression by Russian bayonets would infallibly throw the whole South German population into the arms of France, laying it open to French influence at all times, and to French invasion whenever a fitting time might offer.

The King of Prussia is said to have admitted the justice of these views and the prudence of the counsel based upon them; and he was prepared to follow it when Austrian influence and intrigue, both at Munich and at Frankfort, completely deferred if not defeated his plans. The King of Bavaria has set himself in direct opposition to them, as nullifying his influence in Germany; and the new Frankfort ministry has hitherto counteracted the conciliatory and constitutional views of Prussia. The archduke has declared that he wanted soldiers, not constitutions, from Berlin; that it was better to allow the Suabian republic to have its fling, than merely to half put it down; and that what Prus-

sian bayonets refused to do now, Austrian bayonets would do more effectually hereafter, when Hungary was subdued and Italy pacified.

It remains to be seen whether Prussia will rest contented with this state of suspense, or whether the king will boldly trust himself to the constitutionalists, and appeal to the moderately liberal sentiments of the better class of Germans. Many motives deter him. One is, no doubt, the fear of Russia, which threatens daily to interfere in Denmark. Another is, that it would be a breach between him and the ultra-royalist party of the army and of Pomerania, on whom he was able to fling himself for support against the Berlin population, when the constitutionalists would not undertake to put it down by force. Wrangel and Brandenburg did this without scruple, and it may not be safe as yet to dispense with these Bugeauds of Prussia.

Meantime the rumor is, that the new imperial constitution is in print, and that Saxony, and Hanover, and several smaller states have accepted it. Many people look every morning to the official paper for its appearance. Some think it will never appear. Some say it will only appear with such conditions, in a monarchic or absolutist sense, as will completely nullify all hopes of its contenting the constitutionalists. Others, again, confidently assert, that were it a model-mixture of liberty and wisdom it ought not to be accepted, because *octroyed* in defiance and disruption of the former parliament. The latter sentiment, however, is not very prevalent at Berlin, where jealousy of Frankfort exists even in the most radical classes, and is a feeling that the imperialists might well turn to account.

We had written thus much when certain tidings reached us that the imperial constitution would be certainly promulgated, and that the princes would sanction it. The difference between this new constitution and that voted by the German parliament consists in four principal points.

The first is the suffrage, which remains indeed *universal*, but which is to be indirect—not an alteration for the better.

The second change is the establishment of a council of princes, to pre-examine and pre-sanction all ministerial propositions.

The third change is the substitution of the absolute for the suspensive veto in the chief of the empire.

The fourth fixes the title of that chief to be, not *Kaiser*, but *Reichsvorstand*.

From the Examiner, 2 June.

WHAT DOES THE "STATE OF SIEGE" MEAN?

THE spread of information and facilitation of intercourse are not unjustly reckoned among the greatest blessings and surest evidences of true civilization. Post-offices, newspapers, highways, and railroads, belong to advanced periods in the history of individual nations and of the world, and to none but advanced periods. The miserable necessity of interrupting such civilizing communion

is one of the gravest inconveniences which warfare brings in its train; and though a commander, responsible for the success of a campaign and the safety of an army, must at times provide for both at the expense of these necessary conditions of humanity, he may lament that the very act of war itself can only be perfected by inhuman means. But surely the right of thus isolating communities, and snapping short the channels of commercial and social intercourse, can only be exercised, with justice, within the actual sphere of warlike operations.* Absolute barbarians—as cultivated Austria and other cultivated states have no doubt often called Mehemet Ali's Egyptians—suffered the Indian mails to pass even while Napier was engaged in battering down the Syrian fortresses. The most unscrupulous of English ministers never thought of putting London under martial law because Wellington complained that the English newspapers often gave the French the first intimation of his own operations.

How, then, are we to understand the "State of Siege" which has been declared in the several cities of the Austrian empire? How is it that Prague, the capital of the Bohemians—that Agram, the metropolis of Croatia—that Vienna, that Trieste—are all subjected to the irresponsible will of a brutal soldiery? Prague, the head-quarters of protesting Czechish nationality! Agram, the seat of government of Ban Jellachich himself?

Certainly the happy *Constitution Octroyée* may explain a good deal; for no one now doubts that that suicidal measure has rent every bond between the bureaucratic centre in Vienna, and the outlying nationalities which were to be first played off against one another, and then destroyed. But months have elapsed since the publication of that insane piece of doctrinaire folly called forth the indignant remonstrances of every insulted province; and it is only within a few days, in short since the march of the Cossacks to Hungary, that these increased measures of severe surveillance have been adopted. Two satisfactory explanations are all that offer themselves.

Absolutism works in the dark; its deeds fear, as they will not bear, the light. Provident Austria, conscious of the character of the new allies she has invoked—or, rather, of the new masters to whom she has bent her neck—desires that Europe may not look too closely into the means by which anarchy is to be subdued, monarchy replaced in its pristine splendor, and paternal government again restored to gladden the hearts of filial dependants. These are the only objects she proposes to herself! Or it may be, that, in some uncertainty as to the result of this last tremendous experiment, she desires to keep off curious, pitying, or insulting eyes; and, like the dying Cæsar of old, folds her robe decently before her face that her death pangs may not be witnessed. Perhaps, too, she desires in this moment of her

* Grotius, De jure belli, bk. iii., ch. 17, § 1

agony that no intrusive spectator shall scrutinize too closely the difference that exists between her public acts and those of her high-hearted antagonist. The savage proclamations and savage deeds of her officers stand in pitiful contrast with the dignity and humanity of the Hungarian leaders. The convulsive struggles of her financial board, resting to the very last upon the rotten reed of protection, must not be exposed to comparison with the liberal and enlightened measures of Kosuth's ministry.

The first object, then, of the "State of Siege" is to prevent information from being given to Europe; to continue the system of mystification, suppression of the truth, suggestion of the false, by which Austria has hitherto only too well succeeded in imposing upon certain classes of society in every country. Even in these last moments she remains true to her old instincts—the genuine, universal instincts of absolute bureaucracy; and since she cannot any longer spread abroad a lie, she is determined that the truth shall not be spread. This is one suggestion as to the meaning of the "State of Siege."

But there is another, pregnant with deeper results. It may be—as it is more than suspected—that even the Austrian provinces themselves fall off in disgust at the treasonable acts of their government. The Czechs, and Croats, and Servians, have not only discovered the fraud that has been put upon them, and whose meaning the *pre-mature* publication of the constitution first revealed; but they will not consent to have the selfish Camarilla of Vienna degrade the empire, of which they are members, into a pachalic of Russia. The honorable feeling of nationality, which was used as an instrument of division between race and race, has not been suppressed; and the Moravian or Bohemian can now look with terror and repentance upon the course into which he was seduced on false pretences. Better, far better, for him to have remained the friend of the Magyar than to become the tributary of the Cossack. He does not like the allies or the masters the Camarilla propose to give him.

This, then, is probably the second reason why the "State of Siege" exists. And if so, what is left of the Austrian empire?

From the Examiner, 2 June.

THE WAR IN HUNGARY.

SINCE the press has been subjected to military control in all parts of Austria we have no information from Hungary in continental newspapers, except Austrian official reports, "cooked up" for the purpose of destroying sympathy for that country in other nations of Europe. These reports partake in every instance of the same character as the assertions that 20,000 Poles were in the Hungarian army; (one of our contemporaries has even had the hardihood to aver that the majority of the Hungarian army consists of subjects of the Emperor of Russia!) that dissensions exist among

them; that the Polish officers have become arrogant, and are supplanting the Hungarians; that the latter have refused to cross the frontier, and that the Austrians are continually victorious. All these assertions are nothing more than notorious official lies, dating from the time of Windischgrätz; and we only wonder that calumnies so frequently exposed can still find credit enough to make it worth while to repel them. *There are no more than 5,000 Poles with the Hungarian army*, and all of them are officered by their own countrymen; conflict, therefore, with the Hungarians is out of the question. There is no shadow of dissension, and it is on paper only that the Austrian victories are to be found. Up to this moment, in spite of Russian assistance, the Austrians have not gained ground an inch.

An engagement has taken place near Bartfeld between the Russians and Dembinski's corps, in which the former had 600 men killed; but this fact was of course withheld by the Austrians, who said that *the Russians were poisoned*; as if it were probable that the Hungarians, who up to the present moment have maintained their chivalrous character, were likely, when everywhere successful, to have recourse to the weapons of cowards. But the Austrians have not forgotten the maxim of their favorite allies the Jesuits, "*Calumniare audacter semper aliquid heret*." On the other hand, however, even the Austrian papers admit that a party favorable to the Hungarians has formed itself amongst the Servians. But they also add that Karageorgvich, Prince of Serbia, a vassal of Turkey, openly enrolls soldiers for Austria in Serbia itself. How is this to be reconciled with the declared neutrality of the Ottoman Porte? Is it in consequence of any secret articles to the recently concluded treaty between Russia and Turkey, which English diplomacy has not been able to prevent? If so, we may perhaps soon hear that even in Paris the cabinet of St. Petersburg is more potential than that of London.

We learn, and with certainty, from a traveller who left Pesth on the 9th ult., that *no political prosecutions whatever take place in Hungary*, and that all the reports of the Austrian papers are in this respect, too, so many falsehoods. M. Pazzi, a Greek, formerly in the service of the Hungarian government, is now in Vienna, exclusively engaged in fabricating extracts from the Hungarian papers in order to provoke hatred among the people against Hungary; and as the Hungarian newspapers are absolutely prohibited, no one can collate M. Pazzi's extracts from the originals.

Pazmandy, formerly president of the Hungarian diet, went over to the Austrians in January last, for which he was proscribed at Debreczin. He has lately presented and disculpated himself at Debreczin, whereupon the proscription was immediately withdrawn. On the other hand, M. Von Betöcz, Vicegespon (sheriff) of Presburg, has been shot by order of General Welden, on account of his attachment to the Hungarian cause. The Hungarians will probably at length be forced, by

such repeated acts of barbarity committed by the Austrian generals, to have recourse to measures of reprisal; abhorrent as such measures have always been to them, as well as opposed to the determination they have hitherto acted upon to conduct the war with every possible regard to the claims of civilization and humanity.

We can at length announce with certainty that Buda, (or Ofen,) the ancient capital of the kingdom, the fall of which was prematurely announced by some of our contemporaries, and by others is still denied, was stormed and taken by the Hungarians on the 22d of May. General Hentzy, the commander of the fortress, so much lauded by the *Times*, was formerly in the Hungarian service; and he, like all other foreign officers, was permitted to leave it when the war broke out, on giving his word of honor not to bear arms against Hungary. The knowledge of this fact probably induced the Austrian general-in-chief to invest General Hentzy with the command of a place which it was important to hold to the last extremity. He is severely wounded, and a prisoner to the Hungarians.

The fortresses of Arad and Karlsburg have been for these three weeks in the hands of the Hungarians, though the fact has not been mentioned by the Austrian papers. We may also certainly expect to receive in a few days the news of a decisive engagement.

New York, 25 June, 1849.

To the Editor of *Littell's Living Age*.

DEAR SIR—Having been favored by Mr. Tupper, the distinguished author of "Proverbial Philosophy," with some of the *proofs*, in advance of publication, of the July No. of the new quarterly, *THE ANGLO-SAXON*, I send for your use the following "Word to the Yankees," which will be read I doubt not with delight by thousands. We have not had many such addresses sent over to us from England; and in fact, so far as my observation extends, it is the most cordial and generous greeting an English author has ever penned. It will be as generously responded to. The day has gone by when English authors can make capital out of the Hall and Trollope style of writing. A better spirit is growing up between the Anglo-Saxons of the old and new world.

I have not yet observed in your invaluable eclectic any extracts from this new and noble journal. As it is possible you have not yet received it I send you the first two numbers, from which I hope you will transfer some of the best portions. No literary project has ever been started in England in which our nation has been so deeply concerned; none which has ever promised to result in so much good.

The object of the Anglo-Saxon is to bring the scattered sons of the great Anglo-Saxon family closer together—to record what is most worthy of remembrance in the history of this greatest of all races—to make mankind more familiar with Anglo-Saxon history and progress. It opens with the kindest spirit towards this country. It is purely international in this sense—that it is devoted to the interests of the Anglo-Saxons throughout the world—without distinction of country, or clime, or gov-

ernment. Certainly we shall be prepared in America to hail the advent of such a journal with cordiality and gratitude. Two of the most active writers of the Anglo-Saxon are Mr. Brereton and Mr. Tupper. Of the former we are yet to know more in this country; nor will it be long before he takes his place in our libraries as one of the best and most generous of Englishmen. Tupper has long been throughout America a household word. He is read in all of our thirty republics—he has among us a score publishers—he has millions of readers. They, with other noble and humane men in the fatherland, have begun this quarterly. It has sprung up under the fairest auspices, and will not unlikely soon take its place among the first of those great journals which now constitute the ornament of British literature.

A WORD TO THE YANKEES:

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS:

I am bold to call you Yankees—Yenghees—Englishmen! Not that this word would seek to rob you of a separate nationality, that wholesome pride of independence, undoubtedly your right as your boast; nor that, among your multitudinous array, your gatherings from many countries, we can claim numerically for all a strictly British origin. Germany—our honest, cousin-germane Germany—has great part among your swarming millions; and, more to your cost than your advantage, that poor unwelcome wanderer the Celt; and many other mingled stocks and races swell your mighty multitude; but it is still a proud and a pleasant matter of fact for us to note, that the mass of you are sons of merry England; that you are near kith and kin with us, Briton-bred, if not Britisher-born; and, although some distinctions may be reasonably drawn between the two, there are still so many more similarities to be noted, that we seem but (as we are) brothers of one nursery. Young Columbia, full of vigorous health and masculine virtues—what is she but the continental phase of England! And dear Old England, though robed in ermine, and imperially crowned; in spite of pride and prejudice; in spite of faults and failings all her own, because distinctively John Bullism; England, the land of our common ancestry, whose freedom is the germ of yours; masqued though she may be in antique paraphernalia of aristocratic differences, (rooting oftentimes in reason, and founded on antiquity, pregnant too of many uses, though now and then corrupt, as human nature wills)—that dear old home of ours, and of yours—what is she but an Island America!

I will not ask you if you love her; I will not touch that tender spot upon your hearts which throbs with the thought, *how dearly!* As the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the hart to the waterbrook, as the child to its mother—instinctive nature and intelligent affection have forged those secret chains that bind us unalterably together.

O yes! your recollections
 Look back with streaming eye,
 To pour those old affections
 On scenes and days gone by;
 Your eagle well remembers
 His dear old island-nest,
 And sorrow stirs the embers
 Of love within his breast.

Ah! need I tell of places
 You dream and dwell on still?
 Those old familiar faces
 Of English vale and hill;
 The sites you think of, sobbing,
 And seek, as pilgrims seek,
 With brows and bosoms throbbing,
 And tears upon your cheek?

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,
 I see your heart is right,
 And we will warm each other
 With all our loves alight;
 You, you are England growing
 To Continental State,
 And we Columbia, glowing
 With all that makes you great.

Verily, no common ties are these around us two. It is not merely in the general, as descendants of Adam, believers in Christianity, or sons of civilization; but nearer, dearer, than so: as blood-relations, called by the same name, stirred by the same sympathies, sons or grandsons of the same stock, yearning towards each other across 3,000 miles of sea and land: as fellow-countrymen, speaking the same language, brought up in the same faiths, traditions, memories, and principles: as mates and neighbors from infancy till now, in every nursery game, school contest, and college recollection; in all the business, cares, perils, and pleasures of human life; conversing always in the same kindly English tongue; in every ethnological mark, idiosyncrasy, and power, moral, intellectual, or physical, the same; cherishing a Briton's pride in the past, an English sense of duty in the present, and an Anglo-Saxon confidence of all things honorable and successful for the future: energized alike, featured alike, characterized alike; with brotherhood stamped on all we are, and on all we do. Go to! there is country-love between us, home love:

There's nothing foreign in your face
 Nor strange upon your tongue;
 You come not of another race
 From baser lineage sprung:
 No, brother! though away you ran,
 As truant boys will do,
 Still true it is, young Jonathan,
 My fathers fathered you!

In what department, friends, of art or of science, of literature or religion, are we not continually interchanging benefits? We Anglo-Saxons, on either side of the Atlantic, are both of us but half satisfied with the love and admiration of a single hemisphere; we claim and yearn for the other also; we are each other's echo of fame, each other's reflection-of glory!

What need of an array of modern instances to

illustrate this position? Why attempt, with feeble pen, to throw off rounded periods in record of those world-known names, the minted gold of either nation, interchangeably at a premium with the other? O ye mighty intellects of the Anglo-Saxon race, who, each in his own orbit a particular star, shine out upon our brilliant modern harvest-night in a constellated galaxy, let me not invidiously linger to detail your earthly individual titles, but in one telescopic sweep survey your mingled fires. Remember—each and all—remember for yourselves, gratefully and reverently, the poets, philosophers and teachers, the orators, saints and sages, the heroes and the heroines, the noble, learned, pious, master-minds, who, through an English tongue, bless and teach and fertilize the world. Have we not both reaped liberally from each other? and who can count up our mutual obligations? We are partners, not rivals, in the best and wisest of mankind; in everything excellent and ennobling, no less than in the more earthly fields of commercial enterprise; we glean knowledge from each other's learning, taste from each other's art, invention from each other's keenness, perfection from each other's skill. Time and space would fail me for a catalogue of instances.

No two nations under heaven, are more naturally united, more providentially allied than we are. In truth, foreigners can discern no difference between us, and are puzzled that we can see any. Ask a Spaniard, a Swede, or a Greek, to distinguish between an American gentleman and an English one, between John Bull and Jonathan, when they meet in any company; nay, if it were not for the "star-spangled banner" floating from yonder flagstaff, and for the queen's button on these naval uniforms, not foreigners, merely, would be found at fault, but the Yankee and the Britisher would mutually wonder which is which. And, call yourselves republican, if you will; you are not French republicans; let us be counted monarchists; we are not Russian serfs, nor Arab fellahs, but jealous freemen still—clinging, not less sturdily than you, to a glorious constitution. Both of us are well agreed in giving the greatest possible amount of liberty to every man, thing, and thought that are good; and in only making government "a terror to the evil." Order, justice, property, conscience, these are household gods with you as with us; honor and duty, philanthropy and godliness, are watchwords to us both; and the inviolable principles of our common race are everywhere bubbling up, as living waters, to refresh the wilderness of this world, sparkling from the well-spring of that heaven-stricken rock, our Anglo-Saxon heart.

Aye, let party-men quarrel as they must;—let tenth-rate authorship elaborate its falsehoods, to earn lucre and notoriety at the expense of our mutual good will;—let electioneering placemen, to serve some petty purpose, exaggerate, extenuate, and set down much in malice;—let diplomacy, with the best intentions and reciprocal assurance of the very highest consideration, embroil govern-

ments, and entangle cabinets;—let even the broadcast sprinkling among you of an alien element, a race (I will not name it) ever foremost in mischief among men, provoke as much hostility as possible against you, on the one part, and the poor old mother-country on the other, still, America, still thy heart beats generously for England, and England still thinks tenderly of thee! For my own poor part, I never meet a friend, thitherto unseen, who comes to me with the *ipso facto* recommendation that he is from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, or Memphis, but I seem to see in him a long-lost, long-loving, long-loved brother; an exile from home, whose grand object in life is then daily being realized, (through the favor of Providence,) in re-visiting the hearth of his ancestors, and in discovering how kindly and yearningly his kith and kin receive him; a son, once the wilful but generous-hearted youth who played truant from his father's house, (through the centrifugal force of unwise austerities,) but now travelling back once more, by land and by sea, over thousands of miles, in mature life, eager to be recognized again as a child, and reconciled to us, his brethren.

There is yet a tenderer feeling in our minds about you. We acknowledge that, in those old times for which our great-grandfathers are answerable, and possibly sometimes since, in many matters, you were wronged and vexed and forced into rebellion; we grant that the obstinacy of home-government has much to answer for in its intrusive harshnesses; we admit that our colonies, even now, (and you once were first upon the list,) are treated with far too little wisdom, justice, or indulgence; therefore is it additionally pleasant to receive you graciously, when in some sort we ought to feel ashamed. As yet, Australia, Hindostan, New Zealand, and even the West Indies and Canada, have no irremediable reason to complain of us, beyond transitional conditions, and sundry inconveniences of time and distance; as yet, we have no urgent cause to blush for our total indifference to their welfare. The home-government intends, at any rate, all things just and right; although the various views of opposite parties may interpret these things differently; neither is it at all an easy matter to please everybody. But with you, Columbia! it must have been, nay, it was, far otherwise; we must have been wrong and unjust, unreasonable and unmotherly, or how could Washington have been found fighting against us? We must have been unwise and unkind, or Franklin would never have been yours. So then, Americans, we are in some sort your debtors as to rights of kindness; and it is a chastened pleasure thus to find you amiably seeking us out, and professing to owe us many loves. Mutual faults, haste on the one side, and harshness on the other, provoke to mutual forgiveness; therefore, we are all the more ready to receive you, and you to come over to us. So be it—so be it.

Yet further:—your progress, children, has at once gratified and astonished us. Let fools laugh

at your over-sensitiveness; it is a generous trait in you to be jealous of our love. But where is any longer need of this young feeling? The lion grown may well afford to repose quietly, as we do, in passive strength. Without conceding every absurd claim, (for there are fools enow also among you,) without admitting every empty boast to be mere unvarnished truth, still there can be no doubt that you have gone ahead surprisingly; you are a great people and that's a fact; aye, and in the words of certain sonnets, well known to some among you, I would add—

Go on, go on,
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,
Boy Plato, filling all the west with light,
Thou new Themistocles, for enterprise,
Go on, and prosper, Acolyte of fate!
And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes,
For thee thy mother's yearning heart doth wait.

Whether or not man is capable of self-government, is, in part at least, a theological question, and we will not here discuss it; but certainly you seem to have got nearer to that ripeness of humanity than any other race in history. The republics of Greece and Rome come not near you for moderation in prosperity; indeed, if it were not for certain mixtures of race among your millions—to speak less enigmatically, if you were all Anglo-Saxons—our misgivings as to an enduring republic would, after such experience, be fewer. There can be no hesitation in admitting that, as things are, you are the most prosperous, increasing and improving people in the world; and England has a right to be proud of her old colony, and is glad to claim you for her son.

Many among you know, from sundry wide-spread ballads, that all this sort of talk is no new word from me. And it may gratify you to hearken, for a minute, to a few notes from the many cordial responses, wafted over to me by your thirty noble nations. One says, from Mississippi:—

We cannot dwell on England's page
Without a thrill of pride!
Her poets are our heritage,
Her statesmen are our guide;
And barons, who, at Runnymede,
Stood firm, with shield and spear,
For England's right, then strewed the seed
Of Freedom's harvest here.

Again; from Rhode Island, sings another:—

Join then the stripes, and stars, and cross,
In one fraternal band,
Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws
Illumine every land;
And in broad day, the basking earth
Shall thank the King of heaven,
That dear Columbia, blessed birth,
To England's lap was given.

A fair poetess from Philadelphia, tenderly answers thus:—

Aye, loving British brother!
With quickening pulse we've heard

Your claim and your petition,
So tenderly preferred ;
Your sympathetic feeling
Has proved so strong a band,
That we could sit beside you,
And weep upon your hand !

Your claim, yes we confess it !
Atlantic's wildest foam
Drowns not the recollection
That Britain is our home ;
And though she should regard us
Expatriate, self-exiled,
The reverence we bring her,
And duty of a child !

And thus cordially am I met by a New Yorker :—

Ho ! brother John, my heart of oak,
Your proffered hand I clasp,
With one as strong in battle stroke,
As true in friendship's grasp ;
And trust me, John, as proud of you,
And our old England home,
As ere we sought one out anew
This side the ocean's foam ;

Yes—haply should a haughty foe
Invade our parent shore,
Together, John, our blood should flow,
As it was wont of yore :
Those brother banners, side by side,
Again perchance would wave
O'er warriors rallying in their pride,
Their fatherland to save !

And many more the like—quick, hearty, loving answers, full of English feeling, and of old country patriotism, have oftentimes rewarded my poor peace-making. Thanks, brothers, thanks ! It is a great deed, and a good, to have roused such noble echoes ; it is a happy thing, and full of happy recompense.

Whereunto, then, does all this word-spinning tend ? quoth Zoilus. Even to brotherly kindness, and Anglo-Saxon unity ; that is the moral. And now for an application of that moral, practically and personally, to both of us ; to me that speak, and to you that hear, my brothers.

Know, then, that this same "Anglo-Saxon" standard has lately been set up, in order to rally round its staff all the children of our common English family. A few gentlemen have undertaken thus to plant it in London, the metropolis of our race, and thence to unfurl its broad heraldic blazon throughout the world of our colonies and comrades. The object we propose is simple and unselfish ; UNION, between all Christian men, who speak our kindly mother tongue ; and with that view to put forth, from time to time, a volume such as this—of no mean character, we trust, in any point of view—full of matters interesting and important to us all. Its pages are open to the contributions of every honest and able pen, which can interpret wholesome thought in the language of old England. We expect the responsive beacon lights of genius and affection to welcome our standard from every continent and island, from every sea and shore, where "the morning drum-

beat of our troops, following the sun and encircling the earth, keeps up a continual strain of the martial airs of England !" We look—and, by this time, triumphally and gratefully, for our looking is not vain—we look for substantial service at the hands of the best men of the Anglo-Saxon race, everywhere, from the Ganges to the Hudson, from Carolina to the Cape. And the reason wherefore (humblest monoliteral !) I have ventured in my proper person, thus frankly to address you, is, because, upon the unsought solicitation of those whose zeal has reared this standard, I have just accepted the honorable post of ambassador to youward. In this fair position, I desire to perform rather than to promise ; more reasonably, because in an adequate measure to fill up the duties of international editor, must, in the present case, depend very much upon the response which this call may elicit from America. Faithfulness, and kindness, and diligence, will be no more than intentional good properties, if they meet not *your* co-operation to make them of importance. I invite you, then, Anglo-Saxon brothers on the transatlantic shore, to rivet with me these links of international friendliness ; I offer to you thus a world-wide vehicle, for all that your best, and wisest, and most eloquent may have to tell us here ; I call upon you, in no mercantile, far less in any factious, spirit, to close with the opportunity afforded you, through this medium, of intellectual communion with all your British kindred. The publisher will receive your literary contributions ; concerning which, the only stipulation is, that they be, in every sense, good—to wit, high-principled, able, and *legible*—hieroglyphic writing must always rest uninterpreted, and obscurely remain in its normal state of unreadableness. For all else, names of writers can be published or otherwise, as they may desire for themselves, but nothing will be received anonymously ; parcels must be paid : and (to redeem our "fine writing" from this very mundane bathos)—good fame, and good-doing all over the world will follow as a reward to all our fellow-laborers. We shall be extending peace on earth, and good will towards men. Who would not press forward to take rank among so blest a brotherhood, whose duty towards their neighbor tends to glorify God in the highest ?

And this climax again brings me to add a word or two as to our reasonable aims and ends. Let no man ridicule or malign these humble efforts to overthrow prejudices, or to eradicate evils, by exaggeratively suggesting that, to its full extent, such success is possible. We think not to regenerate this wicked world, nor to bring about the new birth of universal love throughout creation. Mere man is not permitted to do that ; neither, were the office his indeed, is this bad age the season : so, let none discourage the effect of what really can and may be done, by imputing presumptuous impossibilities. Nowadays, however, as always, "England expects every man to do his duty ;" even if he cannot work miracles, he must energize for good, as much as may be, in his own

small sphere ; but in wisdom he may sadly rest contented with the fact that this hard old world, as a mass, will be but little softer, little better, notwithstanding all his efforts. It is quite consistent with strenuous exertion in every good cause, to acquiesce in the truth that now is "the day of small things," the scarce and scant "gathering of first fruits," the "here a little and there a little," the modest attempt to do individual duties ; without proposing to anticipate the wide-world blessing of millennial perfection, or fanatically yet to look for universal peace.

Yet one topic more, and I have done. I had been led to hope that one among yourselves—in particular a very able and eloquent diplomatist, (whom I do not name, solely because it is not fair to praise a friend to his face)—would before this have acted upon the idea which our "Anglo-Saxon" has now for some time since embodied. It tells well indeed for both mother and child to find that the thought was unintentionally coincident. The noblest hearts of America and England were reciprocally yearning towards each other ; and (in spite of trifling outbreaks of ill-blood, as will sometimes occur in large communities) the two nations, represented in their wisest and their best, were preparing to extend the right hand of fellowship to welcome each the other over the Atlantic. This was a good sign, and prophetic of success ; and, during many months of delay (in order to obviate forestallings) I once and again urged my eloquent friend to initiate the matter. Since, however, for a considerable time past, this "Anglo-Saxon" had commenced without me, and that its appearance has been "hailed with delight" by your Chrysostom in question, the delicacy which interfered with my personal coöperation is fully satisfied, and all hesitation at an end. It only remains for me to add how gladly any "New York International Magazine" will be welcomed, either as a tangent or a parallel—either in union with our columns, or as a friendly but independent band elsewhere. Whether any such enterprise has been determined on, I know not ; if it has, let it coöperate with us ; if not, let all the good American blood which would have circulated there, help to enrich our pages ; so, contending for the same objects—union, peace, and true fraternity—let us fight under one banner—a banner sacred to our race from the birth-day of its religion—the Golden Cross of Egbert's Anglo-Saxon !

Cordially your friend,

MARTIN F. TUPPER

Albury, Guildford, May 30, 1849.

Perhaps the most cordial answer which the editor of the *Living Age* (speaking for one Anglo-Saxon) can give to Mr. Tupper, is to print two letters which he wrote several years ago. We are ignorant of the fate of the one sent to the *Times* ; that addressed to the British minister was acknowledged in the most gratifying terms.

Boston, 31 Jan., 1846.

To the Editor of the Times, London :

The tone and temper of some of your late articles induce me to hope that you will exert your great

power—great in America as well as in Europe—to promote between the English families on both sides of the Atlantic the most hearty friendship.

I am sure that if you knew how much the English press is really a "power," in its influence upon America, you would be careful never to print an idle word about us. Contemptuous or harsh expressions rankle deep in many hearts, and are felt as personal injuries from the people of England to the people here. And, above all, even above the government itself, the *Times* is supposed to speak with the voice of England.

And after all that has tried it, how abiding has been our love and respect for the "old country !" It was some time before we could cease calling it "home." We are sensitive to what you say and do to us, for we desire your respect and good will above that of all Europe beside. And even when we set our face as a flint against encroachments by you, we separate your government from your people in our anger, and think we are animated by the same spirit which made you free and invincible.

That this is the feeling of all Americans, I do not say. Many prefer to represent England as an encroaching, domineering nation ; and, instead of finding its type, in good-natured, jolly "John-Bull," look for it in your Eighth Harry, "who never spared man in his wrath, or woman in his lust." But you may make us all of one mind ; and, just now, in the melting tenderness of reconciliation, and while we are hurt by the attitude of France, "our ancient ally," is a favorable time to lay a foundation upon which perpetual peace may be built. And although I rejoice in the "entente cordiale," and have honored the King of the French for his successful labors to preserve peace so long ; and although I should think it great glory for America if her influence should be able to prolong it for you after the death of the king, yet it seems to me impossible that with any other nation you can make so strong an alliance, as with one which is bone of your bone.

The present governments of the two nations are disposed to promote a more intimate commercial intercourse. I should be glad to go beyond that, and to come as near a union of strength and feeling as could be effected, without our being entangled with your alliances and conquests, or losing any of the simplicity of our government.

Would that it were possible for your government to rise above the points in dispute between the nations, and, strong in truth and conscious greatness, to say to ours, that, proud of being the mother of so great a nation, England wishes to lay the foundation of perpetual peace and friendship, by removing all causes of anger and distrust, and so far from quarrelling about a desert on the Pacific, wishes to promote between us and her American possessions as much cordiality of intercourse and freedom of trade, as if they were now, or were to become, parts of the same family. Stipulating for a "drawback" of all duties which America might impose, upon goods intended for British America, and reserving a right of free export through all our territories, (you reciprocating all these privileges,) not only might you disregard the question of boundary on the Pacific, but you might suffer and sanction the more intimate union which would grow up on the Atlantic, and thus forever cut up by the roots the suspicions and jealousies by which only can an anti-English party be unnaturally supported here.

By this process you might, for all useful purposes, get back your ancient colonies, and correct

not only the blunder of 1783 in retaining Canada as a hostile garrison near us, but the ten or twenty years older follies which made two nations out of one.

If you could do this you might make the changes, which probably must take place at all events, of great profit to you and to all the world; instead of leaving them to be accomplished through a long course of anger and suffering.

Upon the removal of all doubt of you, we should be able to indulge our natural sympathy. We should rejoice in your spread in Asia, and in your probable growth in or near Brazil. We should no longer be a house divided against itself, and the Anglo-Saxon race would go on in the fulfilment of what would then plainly appear to be its mission, the settlement, civilization, and Christianization of the world.

Apart from our desire to get rid of European interference, we have no other interest in extending our empire than the greater enjoyment of the two advantages of our union—Peace and Free Trade. And these are the only advantages which you can reap from your North American possessions. Our trade is better for you than it would have been had we remained colonies.

The government of Protestant England may be able to make, gradually and quietly, the organic changes which the "movement" requires. But that will hardly be done upon the continent of Europe. And, perhaps, even so early as the death of the dexterous and sagacious King of the French, the trumpet will call to a desperate battle. When that shall happen, you would be greatly strengthened by having your own descendants in the position of strong neutrality and peace-makers, with undoubted friendship and sympathy for you, rather than have us calculating the chances of that awful time, and arguing that, as we must fight you sooner or later, it would be prudent to do it then.

The waters must soon or late break up in Germany and Italy, as well as in France, and whatever triumphs may await England in the strife which will be thrust upon her, it will be prudent for her to prepare *this* continent for her use and support when the waves shall dash over Europe.

The people of America, and I hope the people of Great Britain, are now ripe for the constitution of a tribunal for the settlement of all present and future differences between them—whether their statesmen are ready to carry this into effect remains to be seen. Let us "bombard them with good measures." I suggest the following

COURT OF NATIONS.

The United States to nominate five of our citizens, to be approved by England, who shall for life hold the sacred office of members of this court, with ample provision for their support. Appoint such men as Chancellor Kent, Bishop White, Justice Story, Horace Binney, John Jay.

Let England do the same, and let the court select an umpire, in case of its equal division upon any question.

Let the place of holding these courts be alternately in America and England—and all expenses be jointly paid by the two nations.

The indirect influence of these ten men would ward off many occasions of ill will—and purify many ill humors—and thus *prevent* as many disputes as it would pronounce upon. And other nations would from time to time leave their differences to it.

AN AMERICAN.

Near Boston, 11 February, 1846.

To the Honorable Richard Packenham, Washington, D. C.

Sir,—The fear of being thought intrusive shall not prevent me from expressing to you, the gratification with which I, yesterday, read the offer made by you, of submitting all differences between the United States and Great Britain, to a mixed commission—a *Board*, (implying perhaps permanence.)

By this mail I send to you some numbers of the *Living Age*, and ask you to look at pp. 248 and 296. When you see that what I had longed for, had been actually proposed by you, you may imagine the delight with which my heart was expanded at your proposition, and the sinking of soul which came over me at its rejection. Important as the Oregon harbors are to us, it was not less important to lay hold of such an opportunity to settle the peace of both the English families forever, and thereby to enable them to maintain the peace of the world. It hardly enters into the thought of man to conceive of the strength which our reünion would give to the *MEN who speak English*, and who might then fill up the waste places of the whole world.

But although we mourn over the present failure of your offer, let us not have to say, "Oh! fair occasion, now *forever* lost!" If Great Britain will preserve the same temper and tone, it must be yet accomplished. And even already, a hundred thousand hearts, at least, beat more kindly toward England because of your offer. This is of more advantage to you than a year of victories.

Valuable to you and to the world as the good understanding with France is, you may, by a few years of prudent gentleness and kindness, make a more perfect and more enduring friendship with us. You may knit together the *broken bones*. That you, sir, may personally be the means, in the hand of Providence, of helping to place the two nations at the head of all Christian people, is my prayer.

The President may have resources upon which he relies for a settlement of the dispute. But this is not all that I hoped for. I should have rejoiced that its close had been so brought about, as to let our hearts knit to the "old country."

These feelings are communicated to you, in the hope that you will believe that they are shared by a very large part of the American people, and that you may be encouraged by this belief to persevere in "winning our hearts." If so, you will not fail of success. Our government, I truly believe, is desirous of peace—but even if not, it could not go to war, or give you any reasonable provocation to it, in the face of such correspondence.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

E. LITTELL.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON FORT ERIE.

THE brief obituary notices of the late General Gaines, that have appeared in the newspapers, all speak of his defence of Fort Erie as one of the most gallant acts in his long career. The following spirited description of the achievement is taken from Mr. Silliman's clever little volume, "A Gallop among American Scenery," published some five or six years ago:—

"Here," said the major, "we had thrown up our lines, making the defence as strong as practicable. The British had also erected formidable works about half a mile in front, (the forest intervening,) composed of a large stone battery on their left, and two strong redoubts, from which they kept up an incessant discharge of shot and shells for several successive days, which was returned by us with equal vigor. At length a shell from their batteries blew up one of our small magazines, but with trifling injury to the rest of our defences." They were elevated with their success, and General Gaines received secret information that they intended to carry the works by storm on the following night. "That night," said the major, "I shall not soon forget. It set in intensely dark and cloudy, extremely favorable to the design of the enemy. Everything was put in the fullest state of preparation to receive them. The men, enthusiastically awaiting the attack, were ordered to lie on their arms. Extended along the lines, and manning the fort and bastion, our little army, in perfect silence, awaited their coming.

"The forest had been cleared about three hundred yards in front of our works—beyond that were, as you see, the woods. As the night wore on, we listened with earnestness to every sound. A little after midnight we heard on the dry leaves the stealthy sound of footsteps. We listened—they came nearer. A short, sharp challenge: 'Who goes there?' issued from that further redoubt. The footsteps ceased, as if irresolute to advance or recede, and all was still. Another quick challenge—a rattle of the musket, as it fell into the hollow of the hand—followed by the reply:—'Picquet guard forced in by the enemy's advance.'—'Back, guard! back to your post instantly, or we will fire upon you,' said the stern voice of our commanding officer. The footsteps of the stragglers slowly receded, and entire stillness again obtained. It was as profound as the darkness, not even the hum of an insect rose upon the ear. We laid our heads upon the ramparts, and listened with all our faculties. Perhaps half an hour elapsed, when we imagined we heard the dead, heavy sound of a large body of men—tramp—tramp—tramp—advancing through the pitchy darkness. A few moments passed—a brisk, scattering fire, and the picquets came in in beautiful order, under the brave subaltern in command. The measured tread of disciplined troops became apparent. Every sense was stretched to the utmost in expectancy—every eye endeavored to fathom the darkness in front, when from Towson's battery, that toward the river, glanced a volley of musketry, and in another instant the whole line of works, bastion, redoubt, and rampart, streamed forth one living sheet of flame. Two eighteens, mounted where we stand, were filled to the muzzle with grape, cannister, and bags of musket bullets—imagine their havoc. The enemy came on with loud shouts and undaunted bravery. By the continued glare of our discharges we could see dense, dark masses of men, moving in columns to three separate points of attack upon our works. Our artillery and musketry poured upon them as they advanced, a continual stream of fire, rolling and glancing from angles, bastions, and redoubts. Repulsed, they were re-formed by their officers, and brought again to the charge, to be again repulsed. At such times, hours fly like minutes. A life appears concentrated

to a moment. We had been engaged perhaps an hour—perhaps three—when I heard in that bastion of the fort, a hundred feet from me, above the uproar, a quick, furious struggle, as if of men engaged in fierce dead fight; a clashing of bayonets and sharp pistol shots, mixt with heavy blows, and short, quick breathing, such as you may have heard men make in violent exertion—in cutting wood with axes, or other severe manual labor. The conflict, though fierce, was short—the assailants were repelled. Those that gained a footing were bayoneted, or thrown back over the parapet. In a few moments I heard again the same fierce struggle, and again followed the like result and stillness—if stillness could be said to exist under continual roar of musketry and artillery. A third time it rose, sudden and desperate; it ceased, and presently a clear, loud voice rose high above the battle from the bastion: 'Stop firing in front there; you are firing on your friends.' An instant cessation followed.—We were deceived. In another moment the voice of an officer, with startling energy, replied: 'Aye, aye, we'll stop; give it them, men, give it them!'—and the firing, renewed, was continued with redoubled fury. The head of the centre column, composed of eight hundred picked men, led by Lieutenant Colonel Drummond in person, after three several assaults, had gained possession of the bastion, and by that ruse endeavored to cause a cessation of the fire—a result that might have been fatal to us had not the deception been so soon discerned. But the prize was of but little value, as the bastion was commanded by the interior of the works, and the men, under cover of the walls of an adjoining barrack, poured into the gorge that led from it a continual storm of musketry. The firing continued with unabated fury. The enemy, repulsed with great loss in every attack, was unsuccessful on every point save that bastion, the possession of which they still retained—when I heard a groaning roll and shake of the earth, and instantly the bastion, bodies of men, timber, guns, earth, and stones, were blown up in the air like a volcano, making everything in the glare as clear as noonday. A descending timber dashed one of my artillerymen to pieces within a foot of my shoulder. Profound darkness and silence followed. Naught but the groans of the wounded and dying were heard. As if by mutual consent the fighting ceased, and the enemy withdrew, repulsed on every side, save from the parapet which they purchased for their grave. A large quantity of fixed ammunition had been placed in the lower part, and a stray wad falling upon it, had blown them all up together. My duty required that I should immediately repair the bastion, and most horrible was the sight—bodies burnt and mutilated, some of them still pulsating with life, among them Lieutenant Colonel Drummond, the leader of the attack. There he lay in the morning light stark and stiff, extended on the rampart, a ball having passed through his breast. History mourns that his courage assumed the character of ferocity. His war-cry of 'No quarter to the damned Yankees,' his own death-warrant, was long remembered against his countrymen. The enemy did not resume the attack, but retiring to their entrenched camp, strengthened their works and prepared to make their approach by regular advances."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

CHAPTER I.—OUR EARLY HOME.

My father's house was indeed a home, a quiet, well-regulated English home, where the several gradations of parents, children, and servants, were properly distinguished; and yet, the line of difference was not so harshly drawn as to give pain to any one. As well might the human frame exist without a head, as a family without a ruler. My father was in truth the supreme guide and arbiter in his own household. He was gentle, but he could be firm at times; and if now and then his will was a little arbitrary, it was better than no authority at all. My mother was the sunshine of our little garden of love; though not gifted with commanding talents, or with energy to enable her to steer through life alone, yet, united to a man like my father, she was all that is lovable in the character of woman as wife and mother. Without him as her guide and support, she might have been nothing; with him she was everything.

I look back with my mind's eye on that dear old place, where I grew from infancy to boyhood, and from boyhood to youth. It was a large old rambling house on the slope of a hill: not a bleak, picturesque mountain, but a green undulation, high enough to overlook several miles of our level country, and smooth enough, with its soft grassy carpet, to tempt many a gay troop of children to roll down from the summit to the foot of the bank. At the back of our house rose this hill; in the spring time it was studded with lazy, happy-looking cows, and all summer long it was vocal with the melodies of birds that built their nests in safety among the tall trees of a tiny grove half way up the acclivity. Then, too, we had the music of a pebbly stream, that ran through our orchard, and the distant and not unpleasant hum of my father's cotton-mill, which brought us in our daily bread, and within whose mysterious and dangerous precincts our anxious mother never allowed us to venture alone. There was something awful and strange in that old mill, with its ever-dinning sound and its ever-moving wheels, like living creatures, near whose devouring jaws we never dared approach. My father, as he walked among his machinery, seemed like some superior being, whom these fearful creatures were forced to obey.

I was the eldest child—for a few years, the only one. It is a long effort of memory to look back sixty years, but I will strive to do so. In early infancy, our life seems a kind of sleep, in which appear a few vivid points, like portions of a dream. It is strange that my first recollection of existence, at least the existence of thought, is one of death. I remember playing one sunny morning in the garden, when, peering into rose-bushes higher than myself, I found a robin lying stiff and cold. I wondered much the beautiful bird did not fly away, as I had watched others do, but lay still in my hand. I brought it to my mother.

"Why does not pretty robin move? is he asleep?"

"My little Bernard," said my mother, "he will not move again; he is dead; we must bury him."

"What is that, mother? what is being dead? And what will you do to the little bird? Do make him fly!"

My mother took my hand in silence, and led me to a flower-bed, where I stood by her side and watched her bury the poor bird. When the last bright feather disappeared under the brown soil, I began to weep.

"You will hurt the robin, mamma, by putting it under the cold ground."

"He does not feel it, Bernard," she answered; "he is as if he were asleep, only that he will not wake again."

"Not wake again, nor sing, nor fly? Is that being dead?"

"Yes, my darling," said my mother, sadly. "He will never feel tired or hungry again, or cold, as in that bitter frost not long ago. So do not weep for the robin, Bernard, and some day I will tell you more."

I asked many questions, but my mother did not answer them; she judged rightly that it is vain, almost wrong, to let young children hear of death. Their minds can only comprehend its fearfulness, not its calm, and hope, and holiness. Therefore it was long after that day when I learned what death really was; but still I could not forget the poor bird, and came day after day to the flower-bed, vainly expecting to see it lift up the brown mould and fly away, and thinking how strange it must feel to lie thus with the flowers growing above it.

Except this one memory, my early childhood is a blank, until one day when they told me that I was going to have a sister, and my baby heart danced with joy at the thought. What a sister was, I hardly knew, but I saw they all looked happy, and when my father took me on his knee and told me I must love my little sister, for that I had one now, I clapped my hands with delight, and flew over the house shouting to every one, "Sister is come! oh, sister is come!"

Thus joyfully did I unconsciously hail my best, my dearest companion, the sharer of all my cares, the brightener of all my pleasures, my gentle, affectionate, true-hearted sister Kate.

Years past on, and one after another, brothers and sisters were added to our household. After Kate, came the twins Margaret and Herbert; then a sturdy, frank, merry-hearted boy, Miles, and last of all the youngest darling, bright-haired, blue-eyed Dora. We had a happy childhood: our station in the world was high enough to enable us to have all harmless pleasures, and studies such as the young require; and yet we were unchained by the forms to which a rich man's children are subjected. We had no costly dresses to spoil; we were suffered to run out to play in the green fields without a domestic's eye always upon us; the sun was free to

kiss our sister's fair cheeks if he liked, and the clear, shallow stream might invite us boys to a pleasant summer bath, without fear of drowning. Our learning consisted of what was useful and necessary to our station, but without idle accomplishments: my father wisely thought that it was better in early youth not to force his boys to hard study, and my mother loved better to see Kate and Margaret using their active fingers in fabricating garments than in playing the harp. Yet never was a sweeter voice or a clearer tone than our Margaret's when she enlivened the winter evenings with her music; and long before Kate grew to womanhood, she possessed acquirements in literature of a sound and sterling nature, above most of her sex.

In a large family, many are the diversities of character that produce discord; and varieties of mood and temper will always bring passing clouds. Thus even in our little Eden of innocence there were storms now and then. Many a care did wild, headstrong Miles give to our parents from his very babyhood, and beautiful Margaret was often wilful and vain. Then there was another sore grief. For five years the twins had grown up together, the same in beauty and health; but there came a change. An accident befell Herbert, and the child rose up from his bed of sickness, a pale and crippled being, the shadow of his former self. His twin sister grew up tall and blooming, but except in poor Herbert's gentle face the resemblance between them was gone. Not so the love which is ever so strong between twins; Herbert and Margaret were all in all to each other, and it was a touching sight to see the diminutive and deformed boy cherished, tended and protected by his beautiful sister, whose care he returned with an intense love that amounted almost to worship. To him she was all-perfect, and she, on her part, would leave us all, in the midst of our plays, to sit beside the frail, delicate boy, who could no longer share them.

We had our yearly festivals—our cowslip-gatherings, our blackberry huntings, our hay-makings, all those delights so precious to country children. Our five birthdays, too, were each a little epoch in the years, to be signalized by simple presents, and evening merry-makings in the garden, or the house, as the season permitted. Herbert's and Margaret's birthday was the grand era, for it was in the sunny time of May, and there were double rejoicings to be made. The twins were exalted in our laburnum bower, set upon chairs decorated with flowers, and crowned with wreaths. I fancy I see them now—Margaret in her girlish beauty, smiling under her brilliant garland, and poor Herbert looking up to her with his pale sweet face.

"How beautiful you are to-day, Margaret!" I heard him once say to her, when we had all gone away, to pluck more flowers; "I cannot believe what they tell me, that you and I were once so much alike, they could hardly distinguish one from the other. You are so pretty, with

your rosy cheeks and your brown hair, but I—" and Herbert glanced at his own shrunken and meagre limbs, and the tears came into his eyes.

Margaret's smiling face became mournful; "Herbert dear, if you talk thus, I shall be very unhappy. Do you think I am any better or prettier than you, because I am strong and you are not, or that my cheeks are red and yours pale?"

"Ah! but if I could only run and leap like Miles, there! See how he is carrying little Dora over the stepping-stones at the brook. Oh! Margaret, I am very helpless."

"I love you twenty times better than I do those great, strong, rough boys!" cried Margaret passionately. "Don't say another word, Herbert; I had rather have you just as you are. You are handsomer than Bernard with his ugly brown face, and better than Miles, with his rude temper; and you are my own twin brother, and I will love you and take care of you all my life."

Margaret said these words with energy that almost amounted to impetuosity, embracing Herbert with strong affection. The thick lilac-bushes did not reveal that this little conversation had been overheard, and though the allusion to "great rough boys" was anything but palatable, yet I felt glad to see that poor Herbert was consoled, and that his quiet, pensive smile had returned. My grave and gentle sister Kate consoled my wounded vanity.

"Bernard," she said, "you, in your health and strength, can hardly feel tenderly enough for that poor boy. He has no pleasures like you; his only comfort is in Margaret's love. Let us be happy, that she does feel thus strongly for him, even if it takes away somewhat of her love for us."

I assented to all Kate said, but still I often wondered if that young and beautiful girl would continue to devote herself for life to her sick brother. But there seemed to come no change in her affection, and Herbert passed from childhood to youth, with the shadow of death ever hanging over him, yet still kept away by untiring love. No two could be more opposite in character than the twins, for Herbert, with the natural tendency of a sensitive mind united to a frail body, loved all intellectual pursuits, while Margaret, gay, buoyant, and energetic, preferred active employment, and only loved books for his sake, that she might amuse and converse with him on the studies which were his delight.

Thus we all grew up associated as suited our individual tastes—the twins, Miles and Dora, Kate and I. Christmas after Christmas we met around our father's table, for he would never break through the good old rule; and after short school absences, or passing visits, the flock were always gathered together on Christmas-day. It was a happy festival, begun with devotion, and ended with fitting mirth; we talked over the past year; we pictured the coming one; year by year bringing over our hearts and thoughts the change which is cast by approaching maturity. Our childish

games became imperceptibly merged into thoughtful talk ; we no longer danced gleefully round the Christmas pudding, but began—at least we elder ones—gravely to discuss our childish frolics, and call them follies. I have learned since, that there is more foolishness in the pleasures of after life than in the innocent sports of youth.

Let me then bid adieu to childhood with my heart full of those dear old times, those merry Christmas days.

CHAPTER II.—THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

THERE is always something a little sad in the first wedding in a family. It shows that they are no longer one household—that their childhood and its united pleasures are passed away forever, and each now may begin to think of a separate home, and other and dearer ties. One link is broken in the family chain ; even though in the midst of rejoicings and hope, still it is broken—and forever.

The first who left us was Margaret. How love stole into her heart, so full as it had been of the strongest sisterly devotion, is more than I can tell ; but it did. Her betrothed was welcome to us all, even to Herbert, who had ever received from him that sympathy and attention, which, coming from a man of talent and goodness like Mr. Worthington, was sure to gain regard. It was his best way to win Margaret, and perhaps it was for this that she first loved him ; but she did love him, and so fondly that not even the pain of leaving Herbert could prevent her from becoming his wife. Not one word of regret did that affectionate brother breathe, to sully Margaret's happiness in her young love. He told her that he never thought to keep her always by his side ; that he was quite content and happy ; that Kate and Dora would take care of him, and that she should see him grown a merry old bachelor when she returned to England ; for Margaret's intended husband was a soldier, and they were going abroad.

I well remember the evening before my sister's wedding. We were all at home, and alone ; for that last night not even Margaret's lover was admitted in the family party. Kate and the bride sat at work on the adornments for to-morrow ; but now and then a large tear fell from Margaret's eyes on the white silk that lay on her knee. Dora read in silence at my mother's feet, and even Miles was quieter than usual. I glanced at Herbert as he sat in the shadow of the curtains, in his easy-chair ; he looked calm, and not sorrowful ; but every now and then his eye rested on Margaret with an intense love, as if every idea was swallowed up in the idea of losing her.

We talked little, and then only in broken observations and on indifferent matters ; there was a constraint over us all. At last the bright sunset faded into twilight, and the girls put away their work. Margaret came beside Herbert.

"These autumn evenings are getting cold,"

she said softly ; "shall I move your chair nearer to the fire ?"

It was a common question, such as any one might have asked ; but it brought with it to both sister and brother such a tide of recollections—of trifling but tender offices discharged for years, accepted and fulfilled with equal love, which would be no more bestowed or received—that neither could maintain their calmness any longer. Herbert looked up in his sister's face with an expression of deepest sorrow, while he held her hand without a word. Margaret knelt beside his chair and wept aloud.

"I will not leave you, Herbert ; not even for him. I will stay and take care of you."

"Hush, Margaret," whispered Herbert, "you must go and be happy ; you have another to think of besides me ;" and he stooped over her, and talked to her for a long time in a low tone, so that no one else could hear. The consolation he gave was known only to his own self-denying heart and to hers ; but, after a time, Margaret dried her tears, and her beautiful face looked again happy. Never was the contrast between the twins more striking than now, as Margaret knelt beside her brother, with his arm thrown round her neck, and his countenance bending over her, as he talked in low, earnest tones. They were so much alike—the same features, hair and eyes ; but the one was all blooming health, the other, pale, thin, and wasted. Herbert's eighteen years might have been double that number, there was such a look of premature age on his features. And yet there was beauty in that poor, wan face, the majesty of intellect, the loveliness of a mild and tender nature and of a noble heart.

"Now, Margaret," said Herbert cheerfully, "wheel my chair near the piano, and sing me a song like a dear good girl—the song which is my favorite, and Edmund's too."

A bright smile illumined the face of the betrothed bride ; Herbert knew well how to make her sadness pass away. And the whole of that evening, Margaret wept no more, until the hour of rest came. It was long past the invalid's time of retiring, but when his mother had spoken to him, Herbert had answered with a whisper, "Not to-night, mother, it is the last night."

But now, when the last good-night must be said, we all felt the reality of the parting. My mother strained Margaret to her bosom, while my father blessed her in broken words.

"My children," said he, "we may never meet as a family on earth again, but we have been and shall ever be a family in love. Margaret, you have been a good daughter, and will be a good wife ; take your father's blessing unto your husband's home. You love Edmund as your mother loved me ; you are right to follow him wheresoever he may go, even leaving home and kindred. Go, my child, and may you live to bring up sons and daughters, and to see them around you as your mother and I do this day. Yet, oh ! Margaret ;" and my father's voice faltered, while two large

tears stole down his aged cheeks, "Margaret, you are the first who leaves us—do not forget us, wherever you may be."

He kissed her solemnly, and we all did the same; and then her mother took Margaret away.

It was a glorious autumn morning on Margaret's wedding day. We were all assembled when she came down stairs in her marriage dress; the sun never shone upon a lovelier bride than Margaret Orgreve. The same words that he had spoken on that birthday long ago, "How beautiful you look!" came to Herbert's lips, but he could not utter them. Perhaps he thought on what she too had said on the same day. But he checked the sigh, and received her tender greeting without one seeming pang.

None of us had time for much emotion, for ere we could believe it was really our sister's marriage day, she returned from the church, a bride. A few hours more, and we had to say farewell. One after another, Margaret parted from her brothers and sisters; she had a gift, a few words of remembrance for each. I believe we loved as well as most brothers and sisters do; and all of us, even stout-hearted Miles, when the time came, were grieved to part with our gay, beautiful Margaret, the pride of the family. But she and her twin-brother had been so engrossed by each other, that it was with Herbert that she felt the full bitterness of separation.

"Let me say one word to my sister before she goes, Edmund," said Herbert imploringly to the

handsome and happy bridegroom. We all left the room, and Edmund too. What passed between the twins I never knew; but Margaret came out of the room pale, calm, and tearless, and in a few minutes the carriage had swept away, and the bride was gone from her home forever.

Kate and I watched the whirling wheels disappear, and then turned silently, and by a natural impulse, to where poor Herbert sat alone. His head was bowed upon his hands, and his whole attitude indicated the deepest dejection. Kate laid her hand softly on his shoulder; he started, and looked up.

"What do you want?" he said fretfully, "are they gone?"

"Yes, dear Herbert, and so Bernard and I have come to you."

"I wish you would go away. I had rather be alone."

The tears stood in Kate's eyes. "Indeed, Herbert, I love you almost as well as *she* could. Do not send me away."

Herbert could not withstand her sweetness. "Forgive me, Kate, I will try to be content," he said gently. "You are very good, Bernard; you were always kind to me, though you are so strong, and I so helpless." He took a hand of each as we stood beside him, and thus was formed a silent compact of affection, which was never broken while Herbert lived.

From the Examiner.

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND.

HEREDITARY honors who confers?

God; God alone. Not Marlboro's heir enjoys
A Marlboro's glory. Ye may paste on walls,
Through city after city, rubric bills,
Large-lettered, but ere long they all peel off,
And others take their places. 'Tis not thus
Where genius stands; no monarch here bestows,
No monarch takes away; above his reach
Are these dotations, yea, above his sight.
Despise I then the great? no; witness Heaven!
None better knows or venerates them higher,
Or lives among them more familiarly.
Am I a sycophant, and boaster too?
A little of a boaster, I confess,
No sycophant. Now let me teach my lore.

Those are the great, who purify the hearts,
Raise lofty aspirations from the breasts,
And shower down wisdom on the heads of men.
Children can give, exchange, and break their toys,
But giants cannot wrench away the gifts
The wise, however humble, may impart.

I have seen princes, but among them all
None I would own my equal; I have seen
Laborious men, and patient, Virtue's sons,
Men beyond Want, yet not beyond the call
Of strict Frugality from embered hearth,

And inly cried, "*O were I one of these!*"

How many verses, verses not inept,
But stamp'd for lawful weight and sterling ore,
Are worth one struggle to exalt our kind!

Here let me back my coursers, and turn round.
Hereditary honors! few, indeed,
Are those they fall to. Norton! Dufferin!
Rich was your grandsire in the mines of wit,
Strong in the fields of eloquence, but poor
And feeble was he when compared with you.

O glorious England! never shone the hour
With half so many lights; and most of these
In female hands are holden. Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*,* she who cast
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others. Few are they
Who well weigh gems: instead of them we see
Flat noses, cheek by jowl, not over-nice,
Nuzzle weak wash in one long shallow trough.
Let me away from them! fresh air for me!
I must to higher ground.

What glorious forms
Advance! No man so lofty, so august.
In troops descend brightbelted Amazons . . .
But where is *Thesus* in the field to-day.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Felicia Hemans.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS.